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The Reform of Sacred Music.

THE recent *Motu Proprio* on Sacred Music, if we may presume to say so, is admirably adapted to its purpose. It is a model of wise and well-directed legislation, sound and clear in principle, practical and definite in its enactments. And the restrictions it imposes upon artists' liberty are such only as the requirements of true art, and of good taste in the use of art, would of themselves dictate. So far as those who are directly affected by the law,—“choir-masters and singers, members of the clergy, superiors of seminaries, ecclesiastical institutions and religious communities, parish priests and rectors, and, above all, the diocesan ordinaries,”—may be presumed to desire that false art and bad taste be banished from our churches, so far is there ground for hope that they will all work together on the lines laid down by authority, so that the much-needed reform may be achieved speedily, satisfactorily, and without appreciable friction.

The education of the public taste will follow suit. As His Holiness points out to the Vicar General of Rome in reference to the Vesper Service,

At first the novelty will produce some wonder among individuals; here and there a leader or director of a choir may find himself unprepared; but little by little things will right themselves, and, *in the perfect harmony between the music, as conformed to the liturgical rules, and the nature of psalmody, all will discern a beauty and excellence which have, perhaps, never before been observed.*

The point is important, and exemplifies a fundamental principle. There is a beauty to be attained by the harmonious combination of beautiful things, a beauty which enhances the separate beauty of each part. This beauty will attract wherever it is made visible; and those who have once seen it, will thenceforth resent its absence as a defect. It is by such experiences we learn to appreciate true art.

Nor will Religion and Sacred Music be the only gainers by the reform of the latter. History tells of a similar reform in the days when counterpoint was, so to speak, in its teens. Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's account of it, in the article on *Lassus* which he wrote for Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, is especially worth quoting in this connection; for he was one who thoroughly understood the value of good sacred music in the training of all students of the musical art. After noting that the two men who laboured most "to carry on the work of the great Josquin, and to make the mighty contrapuntal means at their disposal more and more subservient to expressional beauty," were influenced, though perhaps unconsciously, by secular music, he adds :

But a stronger influence acting on the two musicians is to be found, we think, in the history of the religious movements of the time. Palestrina lived in Rome at a time when zealous Catholics were engaged in vigorous internal reforms as a defence against the march of Protestantism. Lassus too was at a Court, the first in Europe to throw in its lot with this counter-Reformation. The music of the two breathes a reality of conviction and an earnestness which is made necessary by the soul-stirring spirit of the time. To Lassus, it is said, strong offers were made by the Court of Saxony to induce him to come over to the work of the Protestant Church. Fortunately for the Art, he remained true to his convictions, and was spared from being spoilt, as many of his fellow-countrymen were by devoting themselves to those slender forms of composition which were thought suitable to the reformed religion.

Another writer's description of the state of Church Music, which these men revolutionized, differs only in degree from what the Pope complains of in his letter to the Cardinal Vicar :

It is not easy for us at this moment to realize the position of Church Music at the date of the Council of Trent. It may be said that it had lost all relation to the services which it was supposed to illustrate. Bristling with inapt and distracting artifices, it completely overlaid the situations of the Mass ; while founded, as it was for the most part, upon secular melodies, it was actually sung, except by two or three prominent voices in the front of the choir, to the words with which the tunes were most naturally and properly associated.

From this last excess of indecency the fear of the police is enough to preserve us. But we have not yet learnt to avoid that which was the occasion of the sin. We still require to be warned against "interminable musical compositions on the

words of the psalms," but in no way expressing their meaning; rather "modelled on old theatrical works, and most of them of such meagre artistic merit that they would not be tolerated for a moment in second-rate concerts." We still require to be told that "there is much in the chants of the Mass, of the Litany of Loretto, of the Eucharistic hymns, and the like, to be corrected or removed." There is still a call for the definite prohibition of *Kyries*, *Glorias*, and *Credos* composed in such a way that each of the movements of which they consist "may form a complete composition in itself, and be capable of being detached from the rest and replaced by another." We need still to be reminded that "a *Tantum Ergo* composed in such wise that the first strophe presents a romanza, a cavatina, an adagio, and the *Genitori* an allegro," is scarcely suited to the words to which it is set. And what of the military quick-step marches by which the organist plays the sacred ministers to the sacristy and the congregation to the doors? The Pope deprecates "reminiscences of *motifs* adopted in the theatre." Can there be less objection to the reminiscence of a regiment returning from the solemnity of a comrade's funeral?

No one, on reflection, will deny that things like these are in bad taste, because in discord with their surroundings. For a remedy to the abuse, the Pope would have us go back to first principles. He virtually tells the musician that if he desires entrance into the Catholic Church and participation in her worship, he must, as a musician, be content to play a subordinate role in a work of art higher than his own. The necessity of this should be no new lesson to him. He has acted upon it every day in his own special kind of work. May the leading violin, for example, in a string quartet, ever for a moment forget that he is playing only one of four parts? May he play as if he were playing a solo with accompaniments? Would not the music be ruined thereby? Would not the ruin be many times more deplorable if the same self-assertiveness should seize upon the other performers and lead to an uncontrolled struggle for predominance, every one striving to do his own individual best, or what he might conceive to be his best, without regard for the due blending of all four streams of melody into one exquisitely varying flood of living harmony? If, then, it must be confessed that this particular kind of forgetfulness is destructive of all the higher effects of concerted music, can we, in religious functions, have patience with styles of music, or of musical performance,

whose chief weakness is to be continually attracting attention to themselves. That the music is pleasurable or even solidly good only makes matters worse in the eyes of those who "understand." What should be a part of the service, what should enhance its beauty and add to its effectiveness, becomes an unwelcome interruption.

"So let your light shine before men, that seeing your good works they may glorify your Father who is in Heaven." As a principle of Sacred Art composition, or performance, nothing can supersede, nothing else can supply the place of, this divine admonition, which is addressed to all Christians and extends to every part of the conduct of life. It places no limit to the perfection of the musician's work from an artistic point of view. On the contrary, it stimulates effort to attain ideal perfection. But if the end is to govern the choice of means, as it must, much that would be in place in music composed for other purposes, much even that would in that case add to its artistic merit, must be excluded, as being opposed to, or at least beside, the object which it is of the essence of sacred music to aim at. Looked at from this point of view, the restricting clauses of the *Motu Proprio* are seen to be, not the fetters of servitude, but the safeguards of artistic sincerity and truth. They are helps to the production of perfect models of the musical art.

Indeed the service of the Church has always been, by reason both of her high ideals and of her insistence on serious and real service, the best school of art in general, and of music in particular. Nothing human can attain its highest perfection in absolute independence. Man was born to make himself voluntarily subject to something higher than himself; some person, whom he may work for, some cause that he may promote. The worth of the object is the measure of the severity of discipline to which his work will subject him, and of the personal benefit which he will derive from passing through it. Mr. Rockstro, in his article on *Schools of Composition*, speaks of the benefit to music that came of its subjection to nature. We should prefer to say, more definitely, in view of Palestrina's personality, by subjection to God, through the Church.

What then was the secret of this wondrous revolution? It lay in the subjugation of Art to the service of Nature; of learning to effect; of ingenuity to the laws of beauty. Palestrina was the first great genius who so concealed his learning as to cause it to be absolutely overlooked in the beauty of the resulting effect. If it was given to Ockheim to

unite the dry bones of counterpoint into a wondrously articulated skeleton, and to Josquin to clothe that skeleton with flesh; to Palestrina was committed the infinitely higher privilege of endowing the perfect form with the spirit which enabled it not only to live, but to give thanks to God in strains such as Polyphony had never before imagined. It was not the beauty of its construction, but the presence of the SOUL within it that rendered his music immortal.

It was an object-lesson to profane music, that Art was capable of better things than to expose her beauty and minister to the lust of æsthetic pleasure; that self-complacency was vicious; and that the way of perfection must be sought through self-denying and devoted service of worthy ends. It was the revelation of a new life; and the models in which this life was revealed were, like the classic models of the sister arts which we owe to Greece, practically of absolute perfection.

The subjugation of the musical art to Religion was bound to entail an immense advance in the intrinsic beauty of the artist's work. Herein also Palestrina led the way, and, within the limits of his means, achieved perfection. Mr. Rockstro continues:

Nor has Palestrina ever been rivalled in the perfect equality of his Polyphony. Whatever be the number of parts in which he writes, none ever claims precedence of another. Neither is any voice ever permitted to introduce itself without having something important to say. There is no such thing as filling up of the harmony to be found in any of his compositions. The harmony is produced by the interweaving of the separate subjects; and when, astonished by the unexpected effect of some strangely beautiful chord, we stop to examine its structure, we find it to be no more than the natural consequence of some little point of imitation, or the working out of some melodious response, which fell into the delicious combination of its own accord. In no other Master is this peculiarity so strikingly noticeable. It is no uncommon thing for a great composer to delight us with a lovely point of repose. The later Flemish composers do this continually. But they always put the chord into its place on purpose; whereas Palestrina's loveliest harmonies come of themselves while he is quietly fitting his subjects together without, so far as the most careful criticism can ascertain, a thought beyond the melodic involutions of his vocal phrases. How far the harmonies form a preconceived element in those involutions is a question too deep for consideration here.

For many years the great Roman School which the Pope proposes for our study and imitation, carried on the tradition

of Palestrina. There is no desire that we should confine ourselves to bare imitation, or that no use should be made of the new resources which the musician can now command. Whatever is good in art, and will submit to be made the living expression of Christian prayer and worship, will be able to find its appropriate place in our Church music. It is the spirit that is most important, the self-forgetting spirit of Palestrina, together with his genius, should that be granted, if Sacred Music is to share in the "Restoration of all things in Jesus Christ."

T. RIGBY.

The Two-thousandth Part of an Atom, or the Negative Ion.

I.

IN a recent number of the *Études* (October 5, 1903), a magazine conducted by Jesuit Fathers as long as they were permitted to remain in France, there appeared a very able article on Ions, from the pen of M. l'Abbé Joseph de Joannis. It sets forth in a very clear and popular manner all that is known so far of the physical constitution of separate atoms. The article is such a remarkably good one that I venture to place before the readers of THE MONTH the few following pages, which claim to be nothing more than an imperfect summary and confused echo of the original.

First and foremost, what are those *ions* which occupy such an important place in modern essays on physics? The word ion was first used by Faraday in 1834. When the two wires from an electric battery are immersed in a vessel of acidulated water they cause decomposition in the liquid, and if the wires be tipped with small platinum plates oxygen is evolved at the end of one wire, and hydrogen at the other. Similar decomposition was found to occur in other instances, and to this disruption of compounds Faraday gave the name of electrolysis. The platinum end of the wire was called an *electrode*, the *ὁδός* or road or way by which the current of electricity passed in and out of water. The electrode or end at which the current entered the water was called the *anode*, and that by which it flowed down out of the water was called the *cathode*. As the products of decomposition go to either wire they are called travellers or *ions*; those that go to the anode being denominated *anions*, and those to the cathode *cations*. The ions of which we shall speak later on are quite different from those of Faraday, but as they have a certain analogy to them, it is necessary to bear the older terminology in mind.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of electrolysis,

and one of the first to be noticed, is the fact that the products of decomposition, the ions, do not appear in the body of the liquid but at the electrodes alone. This localization of electric action puzzled observers from the very beginning, and as early as 1805 Grothus proposed an explanation. He thought that as the electrodes were charged with electricity they attracted the atoms in their immediate neighbourhood which were charged with electricity of the opposite kind, and that they repelled the atoms of the molecule which were charged with electricity of the like kind with themselves. This action broke up the molecule, the attracted atoms rushed against the electrode, became neutralized, and rose to the surface as gas. Their charged partners remaining behind and being repelled from the electrode, attacked the nearest molecule, broke it up in like manner, and this being continued from molecule to molecule caused a transference or handing on of partners across the body of the liquid between the electrodes.

As time went on, this explanation was found to be insufficient to meet the facts, and others were proposed to take its place, the most plausible being that of the Danish physicist Arrhenius, in 1887. According to him it is not the electricity of the electrodes that effects the decomposition. This latter exists already in the liquid, and the current only directs to one or other pole the products of a decomposition which has already taken place. This decomposition is brought about by *solution*; for it is in substances dissolved in water that electrolysis generally takes place. What, then, is a solution? The answer, at first sight, is so very obvious, that everybody thinks he knows all about it. If sugar or salt be dissolved in water we have a solution. But the thing is not quite so easy as it looks. The more the phenomenon of solution is studied the more like evaporation does it become. If we place a crystal of some coloured salt, say bichromate of potash, at the bottom of a tall glass vessel filled with water, we see a small coloured cloud forming itself at first round the crystal. By degrees this spreads, and the coloration is propagated throughout the whole mass of the liquid,—an indication that the substance of the salt has spread itself throughout. The same thing would have taken place if the salt were colourless, but we should not be able to see anything of what took place. That this has a striking resemblance to the process of evaporation can be shown by emptying the same glass vessel, turning it upside down, and

placing a coloured liquid, such as bromine, underneath. Here we notice a similar formation of cloud round the liquid bromine; and the cloud goes on spreading and spreading until it fills the whole vase.

Nor is this similarity confined to external appearances; for the two sets of phenomena follow the same laws connecting pressure and volume. Boyle and Mariotte's law, and the divergences from it, hold good in the one case as in the other. A substance on dissolving diffuses itself throughout the liquid and produces a pressure called osmotic pressure; and this varies with the temperature and volume just as that of vapours and gases does. And as the latter when nearing their point of liquefaction depart from Boyle's law, so a saturated solution, just on the point of crystallization, departs from the laws that are observed in an attenuated solution.

Moreover, when solutions susceptible of electrolysis are examined it is found that the osmotic pressure is greater than that normally corresponding to the number of ordinary molecules dissolved. But for equal volumes the osmotic pressure is proportional to the number of molecules moving about in solution. Arrhenius thought that in such solutions some of the salt became decomposed and that the increase of pressure was caused by these partial decompositions, which increased the number of molecules in the liquid. This idea is striking enough, at first sight. We should have to admit that a solution of common salt contains detached particles of the green gas chlorine, and of the active metal sodium, floating about in the water. Yes, said Arrhenius, but this chlorine and sodium are not comparable to common chlorine and sodium. These latter are neutral from an electrical point of view; but the ions of chlorine and sodium floating in solution are electrically charged; and it is precisely this that gives the electrodes the power of directing them. This view of Arrhenius leads us on a step further.

II.

Another set of phenomena presents curious analogies to electrolysis, viz., when electricity is made to pass through gases. The electric spark is the most brilliant example; but this passage can take place in many other and different ways, silently, invisibly, and often as actively, though less strikingly. Gases in general are very bad conductors of electricity; but

the hot gas of a flame becomes a good conductor. If the two ends of an electric circuit are plunged into such a heated gas the current flows as if the circuit were completed by a metallic wire.

Instead of heat, one can have recourse to light or, at any rate, to the invisible, ultra-violet rays. If these ultra-violet rays fall on a charged conductor, this loses its charge as if the air surrounding it had suddenly become a conductor. And, in this connection, it is worthy of note that the action of these rays is much more considerable when the body is charged with negative than when it is charged with positive electricity. The probable cause of this will become clear as we proceed.

The rays which have the power of making air a conductor are the cathode rays, emitted from the cathode end of a tube containing rarefied gas on the passage of a current, the X rays, and the rays emitted by radio-active bodies, such as radium. The air, or any other gas, when traversed by these rays becomes a conductor; and it is not necessary that the rays should actually fall on the electrified body to make it lose its charge—it is sufficient if they pass close to it. How can this be explained? How do these rays make the gas a conductor? Some of the greatest physicists of the day have thought they found the solution by applying to gases what we have already said of the electrolysis of liquids. In the case of liquids the passage of electricity is nothing else than the transport of the ions, the products of the decomposition of the substances dissolved, orientated and directed by the influence of the electrodes. It was supposed by these scientists that if gases become conductors, it is because they themselves have become decomposed into electrified atoms. This was the view of Giese in 1882, and of Schuster in 1884; but it cannot be sustained, because if it were true these products of decomposition ought to be perceptible, as in electrolysis, and nothing of the kind is noticeable in the case of gas.¹ For instance, when hydrochloric acid gas becomes a conductor there is no appearance of chlorine in one place, and of hydrogen in another. It is necessary, therefore, to try to account for the conductivity produced in the gas in some other way.

Let us take one of the cases already referred to, namely, that wherein the passage of the *X* rays renders a gas a conductor.

¹ See the valuable *Recherches sur les gaz ionisés*, par Dr. Langevin. Paris: Gauthier-Villars, 1902.

And here it is necessary to notice that the change is not due to any particles imported into the gas, but that it actually takes place in the substance of the gas itself, which becomes so modified as to serve as the vehicle of the electric current. It is difficult to conceive how this current is conveyed unless through the instrumentality of material particles. Each particle carries a definite charge from one side to the other; but the particles that do so are not the molecules of the gas, for these are all alike, and it is not at all probable that one set would all become charged with negative and another with positive electricity. We must, therefore, conclude that under the influence of the X rays or similar agencies, the molecules of the gas become disintegrated; and this disintegration is not the same as that produced in electrolysis, *because it takes place in elementary gases, such as hydrogen, argon and helium, though the two latter are monatomic in their molecules.* All these can be made conductors, in the same way as compound gases. The decomposition, then, which renders them conductive, is clearly of quite a different order from anything yet discussed; and there is no alternative but to say that it consists in the breaking-up of the *atoms* themselves. Atoms of matter, as we know from our philosophy, are only relatively indivisible, and in the present instance the X rays seem to serve as the agents of their disruption. It is here we enter the region of the new ions; for though there is a very wide difference between electrolytic decomposition and the disintegration of atoms, with which we are now dealing, yet as there is a general analogy between them the products of the new decomposition are also called *ions*. In order to prevent confusion the former are called *chemical* ions and the latter *physical* ions, or simply ions. The word *ionise* has been coined to designate the action of the X rays, &c., which causes gases to become conductors by decomposing their *atoms* into charged particles or corpuscles. When the air containing them is drawn off it carries them with it, and maintains its power of conducting in its new position. It is also found, by experiment, that in an electric or magnetic field the negative particles or ions travel at a much higher speed than the positive ions. This suggests that the fragment of the atom called the positive ion is much larger than the negative one; and it will be seen that other considerations lead to the same conclusion.

Not only can the average rate of speed of these fragments

be measured, but their almost infinitesimal weights also, and their electric charge, which in proportion to their weight is enormous.

III.

Some idea of how this is done may not be without interest. The formation of fog is facilitated by minute particles of floating dust in the air. There may be an excess of moisture in the air, and it has been shown by experiment that if the latter is free from dust the moisture remains invisible and does not condense. If some fine dust be now scattered through air of this kind, the moisture condenses round each solid particle forming a visible globule of fog. It has been discovered that in air perfectly free from dust similar globules of fog can be formed by ionising the air, each charged *physical* ion becoming the nucleus or centre of a globule as if it were a solid particle of dust. As these ions are charged with electricity they attract the molecules of watery vapour, and in this way they bring about condensation. We must also suppose that in the absence of watery vapour each physical ion would attract a cluster of the molecules of the gas, the bigger positive ion being the centre of a bigger cluster. These superincumbent clusters would naturally impede the rate of motion of the ions.

But to return to our globules of fog. There are evidently as many ions as there are globules. If we could find out how many of these latter there are in a given volume of ionised gas we should know how many ions it contains. The total amount of water is measured, and when this is divided by the volume of a single globule it gives the number of globules and therefore of ions.

A vessel of known size and filled with this ionised foggy air is allowed to stand until all the little drops or globules of water have deposited themselves at the bottom. The total weight of this water is then carefully determined, and once the weight of water is known its volume is also known. The size or volume of each of the little drops or globules has already been calculated from the rate at which they gently fall through the air, a rate which (it is well known in the case of such small bodies) is dependent on their size. It would take a billion of them to make a cubic centimetre. When the volume of each together with their total volume is known, it becomes, as we have said, a sum in Simple Division to find how many globules, and consequently ions, existed originally in the

vessel. It is found that their number is but a very small proportion of the total number of molecules in the gas. The number of ordinary molecules in a cubic centimetre (a two-fifth inch cube) under the ordinary conditions of temperature and pressure is simply enormous, viz., from 2 to 5.5×10^{19} , that is, from 20 to 55 millions of millions of millions, 10^{19} being equal to 10,000,000,000,000,000,000. The number of physical ions, on the other hand, in a cubic centimetre, is much smaller, not exceeding, in the most favourable cases, the still respectable number of ten millions. The electric charge of each ion is got by dividing the total charge in any volume by the number of ions, the negative and positive ions having equal charges of opposite signs.

The mass of each *ion* has next to be computed. And first, by an easy calculation, the charge carried by the liberated *atoms* of hydrogen in the electrolysis of water is determined. This quantity is something immense. One gramme of hydrogen, in the nascent state, carries 96,500 coulombs of electricity, an amount equivalent to 2.9×10^{14} electrostatic units. M. J. Perrin¹ gives the following explanation of these figures: "I shall give you some idea how enormous this charge is when I say that if we could get two spheres each filled with one milligramme of the (chemical) ions of hydrogen, and place them one centimetre apart, they would repel each other with the prodigious force of 100 trillions of tons." These last figures are sufficiently large, but the translator cannot vouch for their accuracy. If the total charge in a given space be divided by the number of atoms of hydrogen contained therein, the result will give the charge for each atom.

Arguing in a similar manner from the facts of experiment, it is found that for an equal weight of negative *physical* ions the charge is two thousand times as great as in the case of the *chemical* ions of a gas like hydrogen. This must mean one of two things: either the mass of the two kinds of ions is exactly the same, but the negative physical ion has two thousand times the charge that the chemical ion has; or, the charges in each ion are equal, but the physical ion or corpuscle is two thousand times smaller than the chemical ion or atom of hydrogen. The latter conclusion is that which alone agrees with the facts. We have to conclude, therefore, that the mass of an atom of hydrogen is two thousand times as great as that of the negative

¹ *Revue scientifique*, 13 avril, 1901.

physical ion—one of the two kinds of ions or corpuscles produced when hydrogen gas is decomposed by X rays. We have therefore arrived at this startling result, that through the influence of these rays some of the very atoms of hydrogen are actually split into two fragments, the one charged positively, and the other negatively—the latter being only one two-thousandth part of the atom. This almost infinitesimal fragment or negative ion is sometimes called a *corpuscle*. This is the smallest division of matter yet known. As the shattered atom of hydrogen is divided into only two parts, it follows that the part which constitutes the positive ion is nearly two thousand times as great as the negative ion.

The result at which we have arrived is striking enough in itself, but there is something still more remarkable to come. The above line of reasoning is of much more general application than we have hitherto indicated. We have spoken of the X rays as the ionising agent, but the effect is the same no matter what the agent employed, whether ultra-violet rays, rays from radium, or cathode rays. And there is something more important than this. It matters little what is the gas that is subjected to this ionisation; the negative ion which is disengaged from its atoms has always the same charge, the same mass, the same properties—in a word, it is always the same. Nor is the gaseous state at all necessary for this disruption of the atom. When the ultra-violet rays, for instance, are allowed to fall on a charged solid metallic body the atoms of the latter are disintegrated, and the negative ion thereby produced is of the same mass and charge as in the previous instances. Hence we seem to be forced to admit that we are now dealing with a particle of matter which is always the same, the negative corpuscle or ion, which thus appears as a universal and constituent part of the atoms of all elements.

IV.

So far we have considered the ionised gas under the ordinary conditions of temperature and pressure. What would be the result if the gas were ionised or acted upon by the X rays at very reduced pressure? In one of Crookes's tubes the degree of rarefaction is pushed to at least the millionth of an atmosphere, which, however, still leaves the respectable number of twenty millions of millions of molecules to every cubic centimetre. In such a tube streams of radiant matter are shot off like projectiles,

in a straight line, and at enormous speed, from the negative electrode or cathode. These streams of radiant matter raise to a high temperature the surface on which they impinge, and they are drawn out of their straight course by a magnet placed near the tube. On the supposition that each particle of radiant matter is a negative corpuscle or ion, everything becomes clear. As they are charged with the same kind of electricity as the cathode, they are so violently repelled as sometimes to travel at one-third of the velocity of light. The positive corpuscles which are repelled from the positive pole, do not, on account of their much greater weight, produce the same visible effects. Their relative motion may be roughly compared to the motion of a hundred-ton gun and a cwt. projectile, when the latter is shot off from the former—here the gun is 2,000 times heavier than the shot.

What, then, is this negative ion or corpuscle, and what part does it play in the atom? Here, it must be confessed, we enter farther into the domain of hypothesis; but a reliable hypothesis not unfrequently leads to discovery. It is supposed that each atom of matter is composed of a great number of corpuscles analogous to the negative one of which we have spoken. According to some authors all these minute corpuscles are charged, some negatively and others positively; according to others, there is in every atom a mixture of electrified and neutral corpuscles. The sum of all the negative charges is equal to the sum of all the positive charges, so that the atom is externally neutral. There is a great number of these corpuscles in every atom, seeing that there are two thousand of them in the hydrogen atom, the smallest atom known. All this inter-atomic world is like a planetary system on a reduced scale, and these minute planets revolve and gravitate round each other according to the laws of electric attraction. When an electric cause of perturbation comes in the form of an X ray it shivers off one of the corpuscles; but why this should invariably be charged with negative electricity is still a mystery. This, however, is no reason for rejecting the theory. We do not throw away a watch though we cannot fully explain the cause of the elasticity of the hair-spring.

This view of the corpuscular constitution of atoms throws much light on the phenomena of heat, electricity, magnetism, light, and even gravity; but we can only touch upon the subject here.

The theory affords a much better explanation of the numerous lines in the spectra of different substances, than does the vibrating-chord or bell-theory. The latter accounts for a primary luminous note and a limited number of harmonics, but it does not show how an atom could vibrate so as to give the hundreds of characteristic luminous notes, corresponding to the lines presented by some substances.

It is very different with the new theory. An atom has been compared to a planetary system. Let us suppose that in an instant the solar system were reduced to the size of an atom, everything maintaining its due relative proportions. Each satellite and planet would represent a physical ion or group of ions. An electric disturbance would set them in vibration, and each would oscillate about its position of equilibrium, but the isochronous period of vibration for each would be different from that of the others. One can see from this how an atom, containing thousands of corpuscles arranged in different-sized clusters could give out all the vibrations indicated by the spectral-lines however numerous. We have spoken of the disturbance caused in an atom as *electric* disturbance, for a ray of light is now known to be nothing else than a series of electric waves.

There is one more question of extreme importance, which can be touched upon here only in the most cursory manner. It is the question of the *mass* of the ions. Is this mass of the same kind as that of the material molecules, and what is its real nature? The mass of a body becomes manifest to us by means of inertia; that is to say (speaking roughly), by the difficulty which we experience in putting it in motion. It is easier to move a lump of cork than a lump of lead of the same size, because the latter has greater mass than the former, and the masses are proportional to the effort or force which it requires to impart to them equal velocities. Now, let us suppose that we are dealing with a metallic globe resting on a perfectly non-conducting plane. We can measure the effort or force that would be required to set it in motion and to make it move at the rate of ten feet a second. We have now to ask ourselves whether this effort would be greater if the metallic sphere were charged with electricity. The author states that it is shown by experiment that the effort required would be really greater. No matter has been added, but inertia, by which we determine mass, has been actually increased by the mere accession of a

charge of electricity ; material inertia is increased by a kind of electric inertia.

The ions, as we have seen, are highly charged, and they possess, without doubt, similar electric inertia,—an electric *mass* if we wish to call it so. And here it is very natural to ask whether they have another kind of mass besides this electric mass ; or, in other words, is the resistance to the effort required to put them in motion, derived from their charge alone or from their charge and another cause? F. de Joannis maintains that there is no absurdity in holding that the inertia not only of the ions, but of all bodies, is due to their electricity. The moment it is admitted that the electrification of a body increases its inertia and, apparently, its mass, it becomes legitimate to inquire if this increase is of the same nature as that which pre-existed in the body. Since the total inertia of an electrified body consists of two portions, why should not the two things, existing in the same body, be of the same nature? All displacements of a circuit, through which a current is flowing, develop a current in the opposite direction, in the wire. This production of induced or counter-currents is called the law of Lenz. Cannot it be that the resistance opposed by any body to being moved, is alone due to the production of such induced currents?

The medium in which all bodies move, the ether, is not indifferent to electricity. It transmits through space all electric perturbations and waves, including those of heat and light. The ions circulating with their charges of electricity in their inter-atomic orbits, may be compared to currents of electricity, like the circuit just mentioned ; and in fact every electric current, in its ultimate analysis, may be only a simple circuit of ions. It is easy then to understand that these ionic or corpuscular currents ought to develop reactions in the ether, resistances which would require an effort to overcome them, and this may be the thing that causes the entire inertia of matter. On this hypothesis it is not necessary to suppose two kinds of particles within the atom, the one neutral and the other electrified. The latter kind would be sufficient to account, in great measure, for all the properties of matter, from a mechanical point of view.

This hypothesis has been considerably strengthened by the results of experiment, which, however, cannot be dealt with here. The Aurora Borealis is also explained according to this theory by assuming that in the upper regions of the atmosphere, where the air is extremely rarefied, the atoms are broken

up by suitable rays from the sun into ions which furnish matter for the *Northern Dawn*.

Finally, the learned author is very careful to state that though the theory of ions is thus fruitful in its application, it leaves the philosophical and theological question of the constitution and formation of primordial matter in *statu quo*.

It may be useful to add here, by way of appendix, a few sentences on radium from the "University Correspondent" of November 16, 1903.

We shall call the process by which a gas is made into a conductor the "ionisation" of the gas. The ion defined here is quite distinct from the ion of electrolysis. There are some substances which if placed near a gas increase its conductivity. This they do either by inducing the gas to form more ions or by themselves sending ions into the gas. Such substances are said to be "radio-active."

The most radio-active minerals are pitchblende and chalcilite, and the strongest elements in this respect are radium, uranium, thorium, polonium, and actinium. The salt of radium usually employed is the bromide; when first prepared it is in the form of white crystals, which, as they age, turn brown. Radium is a very heavy metal. It has not yet been isolated, but its atomic weight has been determined by Mme. Currie, and shown to be just greater than 225.

The radiation from radium is extraordinarily intense and comprises rays of three kinds. (1) The α rays—these are easily absorbed by most substances and are only very slightly deflected in magnetic and electric fields. They consist of positively charged atoms, the mass of each being about twice that of a hydrogen atom, travelling with a velocity equal to one-tenth of the velocity of light. These rays have been shown to consist of helium, one of the rare gases. (2) The β or Becquerel rays—they are more penetrating than the α rays, and are easily deflected by magnetic and electric fields. These particles are extremely minute, the mass of each being about one-thousandth of the mass of an hydrogen atom. They are negatively charged and are shot out with a velocity equal to two-thirds of the velocity of light. (3) The γ rays—these are extremely penetrating and are not deflectible. They produce effects similar to the Rontgen rays, but their true nature has not yet been discovered. Radium also gives off something which acts like a heavy radio-active gas. Rutherford, who discovered it, called it an emanation. It is very penetrating, and its radio-active properties remain for a long time after it has been separated from the radium. Perhaps the most remarkable property of radium is that it keeps itself 2° C. above its surroundings. One school holds that radium is able to absorb energy from surrounding space, the other claims that the activity is due to the disintegration of the atom.

C. AHERNE.

The Bula de la Cruzada.

TO many of our readers the name Bula de la Cruzada conveys no very definite idea, but to others it recalls a practice which they have had at times thrown in their teeth as one of the notable scandals of the Catholic Church. Hence the latter will welcome any light we may be able to throw upon the subject, whilst the former also after this indication will feel their interest excited.

We must begin by describing the practice as it is said to exist at present throughout the dominions of the Spanish and Portuguese Crowns, as well as in most of the countries in the New World which formerly belonged to those Crowns; nor shall we shrink from describing it in the crude terms which if not really justifiable can, as we know, appear to be such to an outside critic of our communion, even though he be not ill-intentioned. In England such a person would say, you are obliged by the law of your Church to abstain from flesh-meat on certain days in the year, except that, in case of weak health or other cause deemed sufficient, you apply to the authorities of your Church for a dispensation. In England, again, when you desire to gain the release of a soul from Purgatory you try to gain an Indulgence, which involves saying certain prayers with devotion, and if the Indulgence you have in view is plenary, going also to Confession and Holy Communion. In Spain, where the same general law of abstinence binds, and the same desire to obtain Indulgences for the dead is felt, a much more simple, though unfortunately a much less spiritual method of seeking relief is practised, for there you simply go to a shop where books of devotion, crucifixes, holy pictures, and similar articles of piety are on sale, and you ask for a pair of Papal Bulls—a Bula de Carnes which dispenses you from the obligation of abstinence, and a Bula de Difuntos which grants you a Plenary Indulgence applicable to any departed soul you may wish to name. Nor

is the sum you pay for these Bulls more than a few pence. Nor do you require in the one case to be able to plead weak health or an equivalent excuse, or in the other to undertake to say any prayers or even to keep free from sin, but in both cases, after paying the money, receiving the copy of the Bull and inscribing a name in the blank space upon it, you have the satisfaction of being able to walk out of the shop with the consciousness that you have got what you sought, straight off, without further conditions.

It is not surprising that persons who take this to be a just representation of the Spanish usage should set down the whole system as unspeakably gross and mechanical, and should infer that the people who practise it must sadly misconceive the dispositions of heart which form the essence of all true religion. And yet when we meet Spanish Catholics—devout Spanish Catholics, that is to say, for the conduct of the indevout reflects only on themselves—we do not find them to differ in this respect from Catholics in England or elsewhere. Like others, they have their national characteristics, but they also share with others the same convictions as to the preparation of heart required in those who seek the divine pardon for their sins, and show the same capability to lead holy lives, conformed to the spiritual pattern set by our Lord Jesus Christ. Indeed, when one bears in mind that the system based on the Bula de la Cruzada dates back now for many centuries, one feels it to be nothing less than an outrage to put on its defence against these gross charges a nation which has been able to produce saints so spiritual as St. Ignatius, St. Teresa, or St. John of the Cross, not to speak of the vast multitude of servants of God in each age and generation, by the side of whom saints like those named are but as the highest peaks of a mountain range. Nor again is it less than an outrage to suppose that a system periodically authorized by Popes like Pius IX. and Leo XIII., Popes whose high moral character and genuine piety have shone conspicuously before the world, can be a system of which the tendency is to degrade and despiritualize whole multitudes of the Church's attached children. Evidently, then, there must be some grave deflection from the truth in the account above-cited, accepted though it be by many in this country, of the intentions of the Bula de la Cruzada, and the conditions under which its privileges are held by Spaniards to be obtainable. And so we shall find it to be. The account

has no doubt a certain element of truth in it, but only in the sense in which there is an element of truth in the allegation of the ultra-Protestant that Catholics kneel down to blocks of wood and stone; or of the Secularist, that Christian morality, in contrast with secularist morality, encourages men to live righteously not for righteousness' sake, but for the lower motive of personal reward; or of the Jewish priests that our Lord was one who had stirred up the people by attempting to substitute another kingdom for the kingdom of Cæsar. It is, in fact, the very art of misrepresentation thus to describe a system by isolating a few of its external features, and setting on them a purely arbitrary construction. If we really desire to estimate according to its true merits and significance some religious usage of a country differing much in its ways from our own, we must take everything appertaining to such a usage into account, and must seek to penetrate into the inner spirit of those who employ it, distinguishing too most carefully the observance of the fervent from that of the lax. And this is what we propose to do in two articles—in this, the first of which we shall confine ourselves to tracing the history of the Cruzada from the time of its first origins, since it is only thus that we can hope to appreciate justly its place in the Catholic life of the modern Spaniards.

Its name implies that this usage was originally connected with the Crusades, and in fact the first traces of its appearance in history are found in connection with the first Crusade of all. "Confiding in the mercy of God," Urban II. is reported to have said in one of his addresses at the Council of Clermont, "and in the authority of the Blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, we grant to all those who take up arms against (the infidels), and set out on this pilgrimage, an immense relaxation of the penances due from them on account of their sins." This was in the last decade of the eleventh century; two centuries later, when the fifth Crusade was in preparation, we find Innocent III., in the Fourth Lateran Council, speaking, *sacro approbante Concilio*, in the same style, and extending the privilege of the Indulgence to those who, instead of going in person to the Holy Land sent others duly equipped as their substitutes, and even extending it to those who simply contributed in proportion to their means towards the general expenses of the expedition: "*Omnibus qui laborem propriis personis subierint et expensis, plenam suorum peccaminum de quibus fuerint veraciter*

corde contriti et ore confessi, veniam indulgemus, et in retributione justorum salutis æternæ pollicemur augmentum . . . hujus quoque remissionis volumus participes fieri juxta qualitatem subsidii et devotionis affectum omnes qui ad subventionem istius terræ de bonis suis congrue ministraverint aut auxilium et consilium impenderint opportunum."

It would overcharge this article to include in it an exposition of the nature of Indulgences and of the circumstances of their historical development. For that we must refer readers not already acquainted with the subject to such a book as Père L'Epicier's *Indulgences, their Origin and Development*. Still there are one or two points in these grants of Indulgences to the Crusaders which need to be noticed carefully because of the aid they afford us towards understanding the modern Spanish Cruzada. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that a Crusading expedition against the Mohammedans and for the relief of the Holy Land appealed to the Christians of those days as an undoubtedly religious act. What they sought for was not merely the recovery of the Holy Places which Christians had always loved to visit, though that of course counted with them for very much, but still more the rescue of Christian populations which had fallen under the yoke of the unbeliever and been driven into apostasy, and the checking of the further advance of an enemy who threatened to overrun the whole of Europe, and substitute everywhere by force of arms the religion of the Prophet for the religion of Christ. To withstand an aggressive movement so dangerous to the souls of men, was a work which can appear to our modern minds to have been a work of Christian zeal. And so certainly it appeared to the men of those days, and particularly to a Pope like Innocent III. Nor can we have better evidence of the deeply religious spirit in which he regarded it than in the beautiful words of exhortation which in this same Council of the Lateran he addressed to those who might answer his call to arms. Let them, he said, have the fear and love of God before their eyes, and see that there be nothing in their behaviour offensive to His Divine Majesty; if they should fall into sin let them be careful to rise from it at once by true penitence; let them bear themselves always in humility of heart and body; let them observe moderation in food and vesture; let them lay aside all contentions and jealousies, all rancour and envy; so that they may be able to fight the enemies of their faith with spiritual as well

as material arms, not trusting in their own strength, but in the strength of God. We may feel that the spirit in which the Crusaders in fact conducted themselves was very different from that here recommended to them, and that their motives were much more worldly. And this may be true of the large proportion whose conduct imparted to the Crusaders the character with which they have passed into history. We may feel too that the Pope sadly miscalculated the inevitable consequences of such a miscellaneous call to arms. Still it is not by the conduct of those dissolute warriors, or by the miscalculations of their spiritual rulers, but by the good intentions of the latter, and the conformity with the same of those Crusaders, doubtless not so few in number though they have shared the fate of the quiet in being shrouded with obscurity—it is by the spirit which animated these men that we must judge of the propriety of regarding their undertaking, with all its undoubted hardships and privations, as a truly religious act worthy to be accepted as a substitute for the temporal punishment due for their sins, and to be rewarded by the grace of a Plenary Indulgence.

Another point which is conspicuous in the address of Innocent III. at the Lateran Council is the disinterestedness of this Pontiff in regard to his call to the Crusade. He asked for men and he asked for alms; his intention was to be a loser, not a gainer in the matter of revenue, for he meant to surpass them all in the generosity of his contributions. He had already fitted out a ship and made a grant for its expenses of 3,000 silver marks, and had sent large sums to be distributed among the suffering Christians of the East; and he now proposed to contribute a sum of £30,000 to the general fund. Moreover, he had prescribed, with the approval of the Bishops assembled in council, that the prelates and clergy throughout Christendom should give a twentieth of their yearly income for the next three years, and had imposed on himself and his Cardinals a levy of double that proportion.

It was thus that the type was set for these Crusade Indulgences. Indeed it was also set for other kinds of Indulgences, for from that time forth we find the same expedient much more lavishly employed to arouse the generosity of the faithful, and direct it towards various works of charity or religion, such as the building of churches and cathedrals, the foundation of schools, hospitals, and other similar institutions. It is, however, to Crusade Indulgences that we must confine our attention, and

it is to be noticed that, although what are commonly called the Crusades were but seven in number, and came to an end in 1291, the name in Pontifical usage was extended to many similar military undertakings, covering a period the termination of which belongs almost to our own age and directed (for the most part) to the preservation of Christendom from the Mohammedan peril. The history of our own country does not tend to set this peril forcibly before our eyes, but to the South European countries it was for all that long period very present indeed. Even as far back as the ninth century the Island of Sicily had fallen into the hands of the Saracens, under whose domination it remained for nearly two hundred years. But still more serious a danger to the whole of Europe was that caused by the Osmanli Turks, whose power in Europe was ever on the increase from the middle of the fourteenth century, when under Amurath I. they established their head-quarters at Adrianople. This same monarch was able to subdue Macedonia, Albania, and Servia, and thus to hem in the Greek Emperor at Constantinople, the continuance of whose sovereignty was thenceforth always precarious. By the end of that century, in 1396, the terrible Sultan Bajazet vanquished and almost annihilated the Christian army at Nikopol, in the valley of the Lower Danube. It was then that he announced to King Sigismund of Hungary his intention to subdue not Hungary only but Germany and Italy, and to finish by feeding his horse from oats stored on the High Altar of St. Peter's.

He might well have been enabled to fulfil his threat, had not deliverance for Christendom come from an unexpected quarter. Bajazet was attacked and defeated by a rival conqueror still more powerful and barbarous, the famous Timour or Tamerlane, who carried him off into a captivity under which he languished and died within the space of a year. This check to the Turkish advance was, however, but temporary, and in 1444 Amurath II. inflicted another crushing defeat on the Christian arms at Varna on the Black Sea. After this the extinction of the Eastern Empire could not much longer be resisted, and Constantinople fell before the assaults of the Sultan Mahmoud II. in 1453. Nor was Mahmoud's ambition contented with this. He reduced to submission Servia, Bosnia, and Albania, thereby becoming master of the entire Balkan Peninsula, not excluding the Island of Eubœa, which he wrested from the Republic of Venice. And in 1480 he even crossed the Adriatic and took possession of

Otranto. The following century witnessed a further advance of the Mussulman power under Suleiman the Legislator, the greatest of all the Sultans. This potentate turned the Knights of St. John out of Rhodes, conquered a large portion of Hungary, and exacted a large annual tribute from King Ferdinand, the brother of Charles V.; and after widely devastating the country round, marched on Vienna, to which he laid siege, though unsuccessfully. He also annexed Tripoli, and took Tunis, which, however—yet only after inflicting a disastrous defeat on the navy of Charles V.—he had eventually to abandon. But the turning-point was now near at hand. In 1571 the fleet which the energy of St. Pius V. had been successful in forming out of the allied forces of Spain, Venice, and in placing under the command of Don John of Austria, encountered the Turkish navy at Lepanto and entirely destroyed it. For long afterwards the Sultans caused deep anxiety to Europe, and a century later took Podolia from Poland, and again almost succeeded in taking Vienna. They lent their support too during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries to the Algerian pirates to whose misdeeds we shall have occasion to refer presently. Nor have they even yet, as we know too well, ceased to oppress the Christian races, and to harass the peace of Europe. Still from the day of Lepanto their power has been steadily on the decrease, and it is not impossible that the present generation may see them driven back across the Bosphorus, which they first crossed six centuries ago.

This slight sketch will enable a reader to realize the danger under which Christendom subsisted for so long a time, and so prepare the mind the better to enter into the spirit of the Crusade Bulls. It is sad to look back on the unheeding perversity with which the European Sovereigns treated this constant danger. When the Turks were first crossing the Dardanelles, and could have been repelled with comparative ease by a united effort of the Christian Sovereigns, our King Edward III. was neglecting his people at home and devastating France in the pursuit of a worthless dynastic claim. When the defeat of Bajazet by Timour opened the way once more for an easy victory to the Christian forces, our Henry V. was again invading France, and achieving victories, which had they not been fortunately counterbalanced by corresponding defeats in the next reign, must have had the ultimate result of reducing England to an appanage of the French Crown. It was the

same with Germany, torn by domestic strife, and with the enterprising cities of Northern Italy, which were intent only on warring against one another, each even hoping that the Turkish arms might inflict some disaster on its rival. In the sixteenth century this perversity of the Western States became yet more scandalous. The Lutheran heresy had then arisen, and was rending Germany by the wars and plots through which it hoped to establish its religious ascendancy; and these Lutherans, in league with the French King, not himself Lutheran but prepared to accept all means for enlarging his dominions at the expense of those of the Empire, did not hesitate to enter into secret treaties with the Sultan Suleiman, and to aid him in his efforts to subdue Hungary and reach Vienna.

Through all this long and critical period, it was the Popes alone who showed themselves truly alive to the issues involved. Over and over again they appealed to the Sovereigns to lay aside their domestic quarrels and unite in the spirit of the old Crusades for the preservation of their common faith and civilization. Thus in 1394, Boniface IX., though at a time when, owing to the presence of the rival claimants at Avignon, he was not secure on his own throne at Rome, in his letter to the Legate whom he sent into Germany, describes most pathetically the ravages already wrought by Bajazet in many a fair Christian province, and the danger of further ravages to come; and laments that "the whole of Christendom, which if only it was at peace, could successfully overcome these many and even greater calamities, was either torn with open, parricidal, and more than civil wars, or if in any part it seemed to be at peace, was perturbed and weakened by fierce antipathies and wicked dissensions." He tried, however, and with partial success, to gather together an army of volunteers, and sent them to help the King of Hungary, whose dominions were being invaded. The immediate result was the terrible disaster at Nikopol, but, this notwithstanding, the tide of invasion might have been turned eventually had there but been a persevering effort to carry out the Pope's policy of a Christian League. Eugenius IV., under whom in the Council of Florence the Orthodox Greeks had been reconciled to the Holy See, was another Pope who strove to unite the Western Sovereigns in a Crusade for the defence of their Eastern brethren. He succeeded in procuring peace between France and England, and supported with all his might the efforts of the two great

Hungarian heroes, John Hunyadi and Scanderbeg. Still France and England were too seriously weakened by the Hundred Years' War to lend much aid, whilst in Germany the Hussites were creating much trouble and were secretly favouring the Turks. It is to such reasons that the Battle of Varna, which just missed being a victory to the Christian forces, became instead a decisive defeat, leading on in due course to the overthrow of Constantinople ten years later. After Eugenius IV. came Nicholas V., Callixtus III., and Pius II., all of whom, and especially the last two, laboured strenuously to unite the powers of Europe, and, these again failing them, strained their own resources to the utmost. And finally, to pass over intermediate Popes who might be named, there was St. Pius V., to whose initiative and strenuous exhortations, as well as aids, was due, as we have seen, the alliance between Spain, Venice, and the Papacy, which led to the decisive battle of Lepanto.

All these Popes, who one after another endeavoured to arouse Christendom to a sense of its danger, had recourse to the same Bulls of indulgence and dispensation as those earlier Popes who organized the Crusades, commonly so called. Most justifiably deeming it a true spiritual work—a work, that is to say, for God and for the souls of men—thus to contribute by personal services or monetary offerings towards repelling an invasion which in proportion as it proved successful would mean religious persecution and wholesale apostasy of populations which for many centuries had been Christian, they deemed it becoming to excite and reward the contributors by spiritual benefits and relaxations. Still their appeals, which were to the whole of Christendom, and found it so largely irresponsive, were intermittent in their character and eventually ceased. In the Spanish Peninsula, however, there was a further evil of a similar kind with which the inhabitants had to contend, one that was close at hand and pressed on them uninterruptedly for eight centuries in one form and for three centuries more in another. In 710 the Saracens, who for some time previously had been extending their way westwards along the north coast of Africa, crossed over into Spain and soon overran the whole Peninsula. They even crossed the Pyrenees and established themselves in the Gallic district of Septimania, though from this territory they were quickly driven by Charles Martel, after the fatal battle of Tours. A tiny district amidst the mountains of Asturias in the north-west was all that still remained to

the Christian Spaniards, but it was the base from which the movement of recovery was enabled to start. This movement, however, was slow and difficult. By the time of Charlemagne, that is, in the beginning of the ninth century, the Moorish border still ran north of the Ebro; and so it remained even in 1030, except that in the north-west the little kingdom of Asturias, now known as the Kingdom of Leon, had then advanced southwards into the valley of the Tagus. By the beginning of the thirteenth century the northern half of the Peninsula had returned into Christian hands; and by the middle of the fourteenth the Moorish rule was confined to the narrow province of Granada, in the extreme south. But it was not till the end of the fifteenth that Ferdinand and Isabella drove the last remnants of Mohammedan rule back into Africa.

During all this long period of storm and struggle for the recovery of their native soil and the rescue of their own kith and kin from Moorish servitude, the sense that they were engaged in a truly religious war was deep in the minds of the Spaniards. So their leaders sought the aid of the Holy See, in the form of Crusade Bulls, for the same purpose and of the same kind as those issued in support of the more general Crusade of which we have been speaking.

Thus Urban II. in 1089 and Gelasius II. in 1118, by a Crusade Bull of this kind, offered spiritual privileges to those who would aid in the reconquest of Tarragona; Innocent III. in 1212 granted one on the occasion of the war which terminated in the decisive victory of the Spaniards over the Almohades Moors at Las Navas de Tolosa; Gregory IX. in 1232 for the war which terminated in the reconquest of Valentia; Clement IV. in 1265 for the war for the conquest of Murcia. All these were Bulls granted for particular occasions, and expired with them. When Ferdinand and Isabella undertook the war for the Conquest of Granada, which led to the final expulsion of the Moors from Spain, a new precedent was set, for from that time forth the concession of these Bulls de la Cruzada became perpetual, not indeed in the sense that any of them was for more than a limited period, but that it became the custom for the Popes on the solicitation of the Spanish Kings to renew the grant as soon as the time fixed by the preceding Bull was expired; and in this way it has become a lasting institution in the religious life of the country—in fact of all those lands which at any time since the fifteenth century had formed part

of the dominions of the Spanish and Portuguese Crowns. It is for this reason that the custom still prevails in the parts of Italy and Sicily which till recently formed the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and likewise in the greater part of South America, in Mexico, the Philippine Islands, &c. From the time of Julius II. too (1497), and still more from the time of Gregory XIII. (1575), the character of the privileges granted by the Cruzada Bulls has been changed in the sense of their becoming ampler and more systematic in their concessions, and creating that religious practice which, yet further modified in some slight matters by Pius IX., still subsists in the countries of which Spain is a type—and which is what we are seeking to explain and vindicate as against the misconceptions indicated at the head of this article.

Here, it may be asked, on what pretext a grant of spiritual privileges to persons giving service or alms to a Crusade against the Moors or Mussulmans could be justifiably continued after wars of this kind had come to an end? But the fact is that from the sixteenth century to quite recent times a serious danger of an analogous kind threatened the Christians of those parts. In 1516, Aruch Barbarossa, a famous pirate, was invited by the native princelets of Algiers to assist them to repel the Spaniards, who, under Ferdinand the Catholic, had followed up the Conquest of Granada by an invasion of Algiers and an occupation of its principal city. Barbarossa not only came, but substituted his own rule for that of his inviters, and thus established that powerful system of organized piracy which for so long made Barbary a terror to the Christian voyagers on the waters of the Mediterranean and the Christian dwellers on its coasts. For a vivid picture of how this terror pressed on its victims, we may quote from the letter issued by the Archbishop of Naples, notifying to the subjects of Ferdinand IV., King of the Two Sicilies, a Crusade Bull of Pius VI. It belongs to the end of the eighteenth century, being dated February, 1778; but the account it gives would have been equally appropriate at any date during the previous two hundred and fifty or more years.

(To gain these Indulgences) you are not required to encounter the perils of the deep . . . or to expose your lives and your fortunes to the risks of long pilgrimages and to the fury of the Barbarians; nor is it a conquest you are called upon to make or the recovery of the Holy Places. The tears, the sighs, and lamentations of our brethren,

who groan in servitude beneath this yoke of the piratical States of Barbary, are the potent motives by which our Holy Father appeals to the faithful to dry the tears of their brethren and to restore peace to our seas. . . . There can be no undertaking more worthy of a man and of a believing Christian than that of holding out a helping hand to a brother who has been trodden down beneath the feet of the Barbarians. Our seas are now full of Barbarian vessels, which are incessantly approaching our shores, carrying off and putting in chains their unfortunate inhabitants, who whilst working in their own fields or sailing along our coasts in the exercise of their trade find the bread of grief, there where they sought to find subsistence for the families from which they have been torn. These fathers, sons, husbands, removed far away from their children, mothers, and wives, not only bring ruin on their abandoned families, but are tempted to bend under their sufferings and sorrows, and at length to permit the Infidels to wrest from their hearts the sacred treasure of the faith. Your love, then, for your faith, your tender affection for these numerous victims of misfortune, your own spiritual profit, your own security (against similar calamities) should move you, dear brethren, to join the Holy League, which can bring true spiritual blessings into our Kingdom and true welfare to our people. Let the faithful know, then, that our Holy Father, at the instance of our most religious Sovereign, summons the Christians of this Kingdom to join this Sacred League, by his exhortations rather than his commands; to which exhortation we also join our prayers and our tears of entreaty. . . . Each of you then, dear brethren, is not commanded, but called to this great work, because what is asked of you is not a tribute but an alms, the nature of which requires that it should be entirely free and voluntary.

The Bull from which this extract is taken is, as has been noted, one granted to the subjects of the Neapolitan, not the Spanish Crown. The Neapolitan subjects, being much nearer to Algeria, were the more exposed to the ravages of these Mohammedan pirates. The danger, however, to the Spaniards from this source was very serious, and much of the proceeds of the Spanish Cruzada was devoted to its abatement. Still, if we rightly understand—for the full text of these ancient Cruzada Bulls is not easily accessible—this point was not expressly stated in the Spanish Bulls, which on the contrary continued to specify the Turkish danger as that in view of which they were granted. For many years too after the Battle of Lepanto the alms of Christendom were really needed for that general European purpose, as this battle, if decisive in the sense of determining the moment from which the Turkish power commenced its decline, by no means, as we have seen,

stayed the ambitions and endeavours of the Sultans to extend their rule over the provinces of Western Christendom. And when gradually the need of funds for this purpose was lessened, although there was no express mention of the change in the text of the periodical renewals of the Bull, a tacit understanding grew up that the system which they had created should not be extinguished on that account, but that the proceeds of the alms collected under its provisions should be applied to pious uses of other kinds. And in this way things continued till 1851, when Pius IX., at the solicitation of Queen Isabella, made a change by his Apostolic Letter of September 5, *Dum infidelium furor*—the text of which has been repeated in all subsequent renewals. After reciting that the previous grants of his more recent predecessors had been made, as has just been said, "with the intention that the alms collected in connection with the Indult might be applied to pious uses," he ordains that in future they shall be applied, after some small deductions for the support of the Vatican Basilica, exclusively to the support of divine worship in the Spanish dioceses, thereby taking the place of the funds for this purpose which had been confiscated or dissipated during the times of revolution; and this is the system which now prevails.

It may seem that this historical disquisition has run to too great length, but unless these past facts are borne in mind it is impossible to understand why there should prevail in the Spanish dominions a system differing so much from what prevails elsewhere, and why the Popes should encourage and regulate it instead of recalling those countries to the methods prevalent elsewhere. In its spiritual as well as in its civil and social institutions and habits, the present of each country is the outcome of its past—even of its long past. It is in man's nature that it should be so, and the Holy See has never sought to fight against so imperative a necessity, but, on the contrary, has always used it and striven to regulate it. There is also another point to be considered in this connection; for the course of the centuries has wrought a change in the temperament, not of particular races only, but of the human race generally, at all events of its civilized portion. We need not stop to estimate whether, in the general balance of advances and declensions, the final outcome spells improvement or decay; but it is a certain fact that the modern generations simply

could not live under the stern austerities and restrictions which in former ages were accepted as possible and reasonable. Hence the present extensive mitigation of the ancient discipline, which has been introduced by successive and gradual stages, the Church authorities interposing from time to time by such adaptations and concessions as the circumstances of the moment seemed to require, but without definite consciousness of the general character of the process. Such a history as affecting one particular country, is that of the changes wrought after this manner in Spain and the kindred nations, under the influence of the Cruzada and the Bulls of Indult to which they led—for these were the only nations which seriously persevered in the work of the Crusade. And the result has been the growth of a special system of mitigated observance, which having become thus ingrained into the very life of the people cannot now be changed without violence, even by the Popes; and unless perhaps in some minor points, does not need to be changed, since when rightly estimated it contains no real improprieties, and in the matter of leniency or laxity does not differ materially from what is in use in other countries—our own, for instance. These two points, however, require to be established by a detailed examination of the provisions of the Bull, in special reference to the objections stated at the commencement of this present article. To this further task we shall address ourselves next month.

S. F. S.

Under the Tuscan Sky.

TO have seen Florence for but a short while is, like all little knowledge, a dangerous thing; the danger consisting in a temptation to innocent display. But as the diamond can still reveal fresh beauties at every turn of even the coarsest hand, a brief yielding to that temptation may perhaps be pardoned though it may not be altogether praiseworthy.

It is one thing to hear of the clear depths of the Tuscan sky, it is quite another to see them. To see them, for instance, on an April evening, from the terraces of a hillside villa, amidst the vines, the olives, and the growing corn, and, listening there to the Tuscan experiences of your English host, to wait for the rushing forth of the stars.

Then will you see the heavens as Dante saw them, and the stars will themselves tell you something of the reason why he was so intimate with them. As diamonds are to glass, such are they to our English stars. They seem to draw the highest heavens into speaking distance with the earth. They show to the simplest imagination something of the possibility of Dante's *Paradiso*. And in their presence you begin to understand how there can be tillers of the soil in Tuscan valleys, who quote familiarly and intelligently the sublimest passages of the *Paradiso*. Under such stars do they go to rest each night.

If there were not a hundred other reasons for an English vine-grower's permanent stay on the hills above Florence, under Etruscan Fiesole, and at Settignano, Michelangelo's birth-place, this, so one of them declared to me, would be enough,—that he can there, almost every day and every night of the year, see so far into God's heaven. There he can realize why Dante so often draws from poor Tuscans in his *Inferno* a sigh of regret for the "sweet," the "serene," the "bright," the "gladsome" air of the world above.

But there are other reasons. The soil he tills is a grateful soil. Whatever Holy Scripture tells us of the earth, on which

the sons of Adam eat bread in the sweat of their brow, that soil fulfils. It is nature in the fulness of her bounty. At night the Tuscan peasant can think of himself as face to face with the supernatural, by day he knows he is face to face with nature.

One and the same field under the loving-kindness of that sky and in return for a most archaic, a patriarchal, culture, yields its yearly increase to the husbandman, in wine and oil and corn: *a fructu frumenti, vini et olei sui, multiplicabuntur*. In the same field the mystic colour of hope shows itself in three blending shades, of the vine, of the olive, of the springing corn.

Archaic the cultivation certainly is: and it is Scriptural; patriarchal, as I have said; but it is also classic. As the vineyards and the *hortus conclusi* above Florence furnish you with fullest commentary on the husbandry in Holy Writ, so too you can there verify every detail of your Georgics, and recognize again and again the very implements and methods of Virgil's days. Nor need you desire, even on utilitarian principles, to see them improved away.

Nevertheless you must not use such simple implements and methods with niggardly hand, nor fear the multiplication of the parable's penny to every man you have to send into your vineyard in due season. For, as I have said, you are face to face with nature: the soil she lends you is generous, but it is also *justissima tellus*. This, alas, accounts, in some measure, for the exceptional prosperity of the English and American cultivators of Tuscan vineyards.

What a fall is there from Dante's stars to the need of English capital! Let us hasten to give a corrective glance at some of the charms of Tuscan poverty. By this I do not mean to allude to the condition of the Tuscan cultivator, about which I know next to nothing, but to that of the Tuscan beggar, whom I observed with ever increasing interest during a six weeks' stay in Florence. The ordinary Tuscan beggar is more or less a gentleman, and rather more than less a Christian. And what gentleness he has comes to him from his Christianity.

He is not for ever on the tramp from the nearest public-house to the nearest Union, with a fictitious odd job on the way. The street corner in Florence is not the exclusive (and the only) property of degraded humans whose "daily bread" is "drink." He haunts rather the doors and steps of churches, for which reason English respectability abroad comes more

into contact with him, than with his compeer at home. Cheap wine there is in plenty. But, unlike English beer, it is not to be had for idle asking more easily and more freely than wholesome bread.

Once and once only during my stay under Dante's sky did I see a man whose heart was over-much rejoiced by wine; nor was he a poor man; and that harmless, if comical, excess of joy was his only sign of intoxication; *in vino veritas*; it was a human lapse, not a bestial.

But sobriety, a native sobriety, cannot be the only reason why Florentine beggars are gentlemen in their profession. "A man of *family*" is the meaning of *gentleman*, and Florentines are by the heritage of nearly two thousand years members of the household of the Faith. As such do they who are poor among them beg from those who are rich. Their poverty is, on the whole, sufficiently sanctified by religion to receive relief at the hands of religion and for the sake of religion. Of course there are exceptions; I am dealing with the average beggar.

Hence on certain days you can see, in modern reality, what you have often seen in the paintings of the old masters, groups of poor men and women receiving dole, a farthing or a half-penny and a piece of bread, *per l'amore di Dio*. They are not a casual group. They "belong." They are known, recognized, sanctioned, even perhaps welcomed, at each door of their peculiar beat. At the appointed time, on the appointed day, —Friday, for choice, in memory of our Lord's Passion—a servant is ready at each door with the appointed dole.

The Tuscan mendicant tells lies to a stranger, on occasion, as freely, probably, as your English tramp. But is it not an extenuating circumstance that he does so for the sake of a loaf, or a bowl of soup, and not for beer and whisky,—or worse.

I make no comparison between our criminal classes and theirs. I know nothing of either, save that, wherever and whatever they are, anarchists, forgers, sharpers, burglars, banditti, pickpockets, what you will, they are hideous exceptions. But I think that the Tuscan *poveri* and our paupers are, as a rule, further apart morally, than Florence and London are in mileage. And I think that it is the deep unchanging religious substratum in the Tuscan, the formation of centuries, which still maintains that distance.

Take, as one simple outward test of the reality of these hidden roots of conduct, the frequentation of Holy Mass. On

examination, I think it will prove a fairly reliable test. At whatever hour, from soon after dawn till noon, you may visit any of the principal churches in Florence, any day of the week, you will almost always find that a Mass is being said. Take stock of the worshippers, for worshippers there are, whatever the hour may be. The earlier, the more of them there are, and the poorer. But they are always of all classes and of both sexes, and among them invariably are a few mendicants, who for that half-hour have left their trade.

In this way you could make a rough census of the week-day church-going beggars. As for Sunday attendance, the *Daily News* itself would be baffled. The attempts I made to squeeze myself into the Church of the *Santissima Annunziata* at the High Mass on Sundays,—the music there, as also at the *Santa Trinita*, is excellent,—never carried me further than five yards into as compact a crowd of miscellaneous humanity, as I have ever seen inside a church.

What, then, is the moral superiority of a Tuscan city-beggar, who goes to Mass daily, over an English city-beggar, who never dreams of entering a church (if he be not a Catholic), except to make up for a sleepless night in the streets? Into this quasi-mathematical problem you may throw such considerations as were made above concerning public-houses, and others of like weight.

In the *Annunziata*, as all the world knows, is the great Florentine shrine of our Lady. Its wonderful silver and lapis-lazuli altar has often been described. Over it hangs, behind a veil, which is rarely removed, the miraculous picture of the Annunciation. Here, let me bid farewell, for the present, to the Florentine *poveri*. For here, at any time of the day, may some of them be seen paying their respects to the Madonna, and asking for all they want. I bid them farewell and turn to the memory of a child-prince of the seventeenth century—Aloysius de Gonzaga.

Since he is now, that is, in our memory, but a child of nine years, we must with all reverence escort him hither to the shrine from his day-school hard by in the *Via degli Alfani*. A portrait of him, as a youthful and sainted scholastic of the Society of Jesus, is over the door of the house where that school was, and we lead him thence into the piazza della SS. Annunziata. Did he ever look up at Andrea della Robbia's charming *Innocenti*, over the arcades (designed by Brunelleschi in 1421), of the

Foundling Hospital on the right, the hospital which the Tuscan more delicately calls *degli Innocenti*? Did he glance with devotion at Andrea del Sarto's fresco scenes from the life of St. John the Baptist, with the allegorical figures of the virtues, in the porch of the Annunziata? Were there hundreds of lilies in that porch of summer mornings, then as now, to be offered by the faithful at the shrine,—the lily so familiar now in Aloysius' own hand? Was there a blind¹ woman there in his day as in ours for ever telling her beads?

Perhaps his mind was too intent on heavenly things to take much note; except perchance that the lilies near such patient blindness whispered to him: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." He was nine years old when he made and often renewed at this shrine his first vow of chastity. It is not difficult to imagine him kneeling there among the poor of our own day. Nor is their memory of him as of someone dead and far removed. To the pious Tuscan, the saints are members of his household, companions of his daily life.

A little aside from San Domenico, under Fiesole, I saw this truth memorialized in the most graceful inscription I have ever read. Aloysius, during his Florentine school-days, lived at the villa del Turco, under the care of the del Turco family, a descendant of which still owns that villa, now called Fontanelle, near San Domenico. The room he occupied is now a chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. From its windows you look down on Florence, beyond terraces of vines, olives, cypresses, and pine-trees. A little below this villa is a *tabernaculo*, let into the wayside wall, and containing a picture of Aloysius, as a child in courtly dress, above the inscription which seemed to one so beautiful.

Su questi colli ove passeggiando giovinetto sentisti Iddio, O Luigi Gonzaga, piovì grazia, che in tanto riso della terra ricordi agli uomini il cielo.—"Upon these hills, O Aloysius Gonzaga, where wandering as a child thou didst walk with God, rain down this grace, that men, seeing so glad an earth, may think of heaven."

A particular need of this grace, I believe and gratefully acknowledge, was providentially forestalled for me one bright spring morning at the Certosa of Montaguto, to the south of

¹ Blindness, it seemed to me, is more than usually common in Florence. This fact perhaps furnishes a secondary meaning to Dante's record of the political blindness of the Florentines: *Vecchia fama nel mondo li chiama orbi*—old report on earth proclaims them blind. (*Inf.* xv. 67.)

Florence. For that afternoon the news came from South Africa of a particularly humiliating reverse to our arms, and the sight, an hour before, of the Carthusians in their heavenly cloister, sensibly fortified me against that wound to my, perhaps excessive, national pride. From the Carthusian hill and Aloysius' *questi colli*, came the same bracing cry: *Quid ad Æternitatem?*

In very truth, when, after climbing the steep olive-clad Montaguto, from the valley of the Ema, one begins to ascend the long straight flight of stairs, a veritable Jacob's ladder, leading to the plateau on which the Certosa stands, one feels that one is leaving the foolish anxieties of earth below, to be admitted to the refreshment, rest, and peace of one of the ante-chambers of heaven. Time, for a too brief hour, gives place to Eternity. *Stat crux dum volvitur orbis.*

The three white-robed, grey-bearded lay-brothers, motionless in their dark stalls outside the screen of the Fathers' choir, look as if they had been there a thousand years. For more than half a thousand years, almost since Dante's day, generations of Carthusians have trodden the same choir floor of exquisite parqueterie. In the crypt, the effigies, wondrously wrought *bas-reliefs* in whitest marble, of the Acciaiuoli, founders in 1341 of the monastery, seem to need but the trumpet-call to spring into instant life. Whoever has wondered what kind of marble carving Dante had in mind for the first terrace of his *Purgatorio*, may get some notion from these works of Orcagna and Donatello, though they were done more than fifty years after Dante's death.

. . . di marmo candido, e adorno
d'intagli sì che non pur Policleto
ma la natura li avrebbe scorno.¹

I would have such of my readers, as possess Alimari's photographs of the Certosa, know which was the lay-brother who took me round. He is the central and topmost figure among the *Frati al Pozzo*—the Brethren at the Well,—the bucket in his hand. That well was designed by Michelangelo. The medallions over the cloister arcades are by Luca or Andrea della Robbia, I forget which. They were recently broken to fragments by an earthquake, but were most deftly pieced together by the Frati. My lay-brother told me [1902] he had been twenty-five years a Carthusian; he spoke quite simply

¹ " . . . Of pure white marble, and adorned with such sculpture as would have put to shame not Polykletus only but nature herself." (*Purg.* x. 31.)

of his great happiness all that while. The Government has laid hands on the monastery, but it allows fifteen monks to remain in charge with the obligation (as state officials!) of showing tourists round. The robbery of their property is as nothing compared to this enforced invasion of the solitude in which for years they had communed with God.

Awed by the silence and beauty of the church and of the Fathers' choir, and ashamed of my intrusion there with a party of English and American tourists, I had said to the Brother in broken Italian: "*Sono vergognoso di stare qui con queste donne!*" To which he answered with a sigh: "*Patienza, Padre,*" adding that an English convert lady had lately come there on a second visit, who roundly attributed her conversion to the impressions made on her by her visit as a Protestant, eight years before.

There is no danger at present of the community becoming extinct. Candidates are always awaiting (patiently, let us hope) the death of one of the happy fifteen: but these are long a-dying. The march of time on Montaguto is not as in Florence, which can be seen on the north-eastern side from the monks' cell-windows. And out beyond Florence, but more to the east, one can see from the same windows the distant snow-clad mountains over Vallombrosa.

Half sad, half joyous, was the Brother, as he pointed out these far mountains beyond the Tuscan plain. The Benedictines of St. John Gualbert are long ago gone from thence. But the memory of St. John Gualbert—the "merciful Knight,"—endures, as a glory to Florence, greater before God's angels, if not before men, than that of Raphael, Michelangelo, and Dante. But that story I must tell another time, if these thoughts of mine under the Tuscan sky shall not have been displeasing.

J. G. GRETTON.

East End Sketches.

2. "AT THE END OF THE VALLEY."

AN old tramp sat in the hall of the East End Settlement. He had been given an alms, and now he waited until the rain ceased to continue his journey. He was tall and spare, with a white beard and masses of silvery hair. He had only one eye. But there was a great beauty of expression in the old man's face.

I stopped before him.

"Well, Pat," I said by way of a speculation, "what part of the Old Country are you from?"

"May it please yer, me lady," answered the old man as he touched his forehead in a gesture of respect, "may it please ye', an' 'tis from the County Kerry I am."

"That is good," I said judicially, "tho' Tipperary is better."

"Hiven be praised!" ejaculated the one-eyed tramp, "thin 'tis one of ourselves ye are!" The old man grasped my hand. "May the Lord an' His Blessed Mother watch over ye," he said, "and may ye live long an' die happy." And still his horny hand retained its grasp.

"You are cold," said I.

"Thru' fur ye," he answered uncomplainingly, "the wind blows raw."

I looked at his clothes, they hung in rags about him.

"Wait here," I said, and I disappeared in search of the Head-worker.

"Come in," said the Head in answer to my knock, and I penetrated into her sanctum.

"I've lost my heart to an old man," I began, "and he's cold."

"Who is he?" she asked.

"He ought to be an artist's model," I made answer, "but owing to the irony of life, he's only a tramp. He has masses of silvery hair, and he showers blessings upon you."

"What would you like?" she queried.

"A pair of trousers and a coat," I said definitely.

She opened the door of a store cupboard. "How do you like these?" she ejaculated, holding up a pair of smart riding-breeches.

"Those I decline!" I said; for I couldn't imagine my old tramp in such a get-up.

"And these?" she asked doubtfully, as she unearthed a new-looking suit of shepherds plaid. It had a cut-away coat.

We both laughed.

"If you have anything more plebeian," I ventured, "I should be grateful."

Then she came upon some dark tweeds. "He'd like those," I said, and I was carrying them off, when the Head called me back.

"Would you like a smart tie?" she asked, with some diffidence.

"On general principles, I'd like anything I can get," I answered, and having accepted the gorgeous tie and a new waistcoat, I gave the bundle to the old man; whereupon he poured added blessings on my head.

"I suppose"—he paused, and then looked about warily—"I suppose I can't be changin' them here?" and he appealed to my sense of the proprieties.

"Well, no!" I replied. "I'm afraid you can't."

"To be shure I can't!" he acquiesced. "An' be the same token, 'twudn't be fittin' in a gran' house like this! Thin 'tis meself as'll put 'em on, up the road."

But the rain still poured in torrents; and meanwhile lunch was announced.

"Your old man is to have some dinner," said the Head-worker. "Cook will look after him." So I lunched with a good conscience.

But on going out into the hall afterwards, I was hardly prepared for his altered appearance. There was a warm glow in his cheeks, and he looked healthier. But what had happened to him besides? No longer lean and spare, his proportions were round and ample.

I gazed at him in wonder.

"Did you have a good dinner?" I asked, hesitatingly.

"Yis!" he replied; "'twas the finest dinner as ever I had!"

I looked round. The bundle had vanished. "Where are the clothes?" I asked, bewildered.

"Sure thin, me lady, an' theer on me," he said.

"On you," I repeated, and I looked at his ragged array. "How can they be on you, when you haven't changed them?"

"Tis thruth I tell yez!" he protested, and undoing the solitary button of his old coat, he displayed the newly acquired suit. There they were sure enough: the pair of trousers, the waistcoat, and the tweed coat—to say nothing of the smart tie—all wrapped round him like a dry pack! It was my first introduction to the fashion of the Casual Ward.

"Where are you off to?" I asked.

"Pickin' to be shure!" he answered.

"Do you walk all the way?"

"Arrah! me lady," he replied, "an' how ilse wud I be gettin' theer?"

"It is a long way."

"'Tis," said the old man. "The way is mighty long, an' sometimes 'tis lonesome. But theer!" he added, "isn't Hiven at the end of it? an' mebbe the journey finished for me to-day, and fur yersilf—to-morrow. So we travels on, not knowin'."

"I'm after walkin' now from Sussex," he said, "sleepin' o' nights be the roadside, an' gettin' a bit ter eat wheeriver I can as I goes along."

"What were you doing in Sussex?" I asked.

"I was workin' fur the monastery. Did you iver be knowin' the big monastery down theer?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"As beautiful a place as iver ye see, me lady! an' the monks do be plantin' the ground an' tillin' the fields, when they're not praying in the chapel beyant. 'Tis a heavenly place entirely! an' before the day breaks, me lady, ye do be hearin' the monks singin' as they stands in theer stalls, an' the bells do be ringin' fur Early Mass, an' the birds was a-chirpin' in the trees as I wud be goin' up of a mornin' ter the monastery,—fur I served at the altar, so I did. Yis, I knows all the Latin of it, ever since I was a bit of a gossoon. Shure an' I knows me Catechism too—ivery word of it! Ax me!" he said, impulsively, "ax me anywheer ye like in the book!" He paused. Then finding I did not avail myself of the opportunity, he propounded various theological questions which he answered with much alacrity. Meanwhile the rain continued. Indeed it looked determined

not to stop. But in spite of the elements the old tramp decided to push on. I opened the door and he took his leave. No sooner was he outside however than he turned round.

"I knows the Tin Commandments be heart," he said, fragmentarily.

"Do you?" I replied. "I'm very glad to hear it."

"Thry me!" he ejaculated. Quick as thought he pulled off his old cap, and starting at a hand-gallop he had cleared the Fourth Commandment before I could stop him.

"Come in, out of the rain," I said in a practical spirit, for his old white head was getting all wet. Without any pause in the recital, he availed himself of my suggestion, and, stepping inside, he finished the rest of the Commandments on the mat. Then he took my hand.

"May the Lord be good ter ye, me lady!" he said. "And may ye niver know hunger nor want." With that he replaced his cap and set off on his road as if the sun shone. For beyond the rain was the Land of Eternity, which lies at the far end of the Valley of Tears.

MAY F. QUINLAN.

The Writings of St. Francis.

At last we have a critical edition of the writings of St. Francis of Assisi.¹ Does the reader know the Collegio di San Bonaventura at Quaracchi (*ad Claras Aquas*), near Florence? It is one of the most interesting of the many interesting Franciscan houses in Italy. Here the Friars Minor have their own printing press, and a number of brown-clad, scholarly *Patres Editores* are engaged, with all the tranquil deliberation of the Middle Ages, in producing works of untold value to the student of history and the Catholic Church. It suffices to mention the definitive edition of St. Bonaventure's Works in eleven folio volumes (1882—1902), a monument of patient learning that would have done honour to Mabillon and the Maurists, or the *Analecta Franciscana*, a model of careful editing not unworthy of Papebrochius and the Bollandists, to show how solid and valuable is the work produced at the Quaracchi Press. Another feature of it is the extraordinary cheapness of the books. Here we have the complete works of St. Francis of Assisi printed after collation with numerous codices, the variants diligently noted where necessary, the whole enriched by an invaluable *Apparatus Criticus*,—and all for the modest sum of one livre, fifty, or about one shilling and two-pence coin of the realm.² This it is to have scholars who work for the love of God only, and look for no revenue from their labours. Talent which if used in the service of self or the world would have meant fame and wealth, is here content with a rough habit, a narrow bed,

¹ "*Opuscula Sancti Patris Francisci Assisiensis* sec. Codices MSS. emendata et denuo edita a PP. Collegii S. Bonaventurae. Ad Claras Aquas (Quaracchi), 1904." This forms the first volume of the *Bibliotheca Franciscana Ascetica Medii Aevi* published at the Franciscan Press. The second volume, which has already appeared, is the *Speculum Beate Marie Virginis* of Friar Conrad of Saxony. The third volume, eagerly looked for, will consist of the *Dicta* of the Blessed Ægidius of Assisi, St. Francis' third disciple.

² I could wish myself that the friars of St. Bonaventura's had issued an *edition de luxe* of a few copies printed on hand-made paper with wide margins, but *luxe* and the hankerings of the literary Sybarite are foreign to the Franciscan mind.

a scanty pittance of food, and the obscurity which is veiled under the anonymous designation of *Patres Editores*. The Collegio is a home of real scholarship permeated by that delightful Catholic modesty, for the want of which the scholar is often an insufferable pedant, and always an intolerable bore. In these quiet precincts an Ideal prevails; it is the House of God; all work is sanctified; and all work is solely directed to the honour and glory of God and His cause upon earth. But something too much of such reflections, for this brief paper is only concerned with a matter-of-fact review of the *Opuscula Sancti Patris Francisci*.

The writings of St. Francis have ever been favourite reading with his disciples. Numerous versions of them exist, containing no dubious or spurious matter, in mediæval MSS. A good specimen of the kind is to be found in Codex No. 338, once in the library of San Francesco, but since the spoliation in the care of the municipality of Assisi. There is good reason to believe that it is of the middle of the thirteenth century.¹ The learned editors point out that portions first appear in print in the *Speculum Minorum*,² in the *Monumenta Ordinis Minorum*,³ and in the *Firmamentum Trium Ordinum*.⁴ I may add that a selection is to be found in the *Bibliotheca Veterum Patrum*,⁵ whereby St. Francis is given rank among the Fathers of the Church. But a complete edition of his writings was first attempted by Luke Wadding, the famous Chronicler of the Order, who in 1623 published at Antwerp his *Opuscula B.P.F.* All subsequent editions of St. Francis' works, whether in the original Latin or translated, have been reproductions—or very nearly so—of the matter gathered together by Wadding. Such is the case, for instance, with the English version,⁶ as also with the latest Latin edition.⁷ In the Quaracchi edition, however, many and many a familiar page has disappeared, either because obviously spurious or for lack of convincing evidence attributing it to St. Francis (they are nothing if not critical, these learned

¹ See Mgr. Faloci Pulignani in the *Miscellanea Francescana*, vol. vi. p. 46, and M. Sabatier, *Vie de S. François*, p. 370, n. 1. Also Cozza-Luzi, *Chiara di Assisi ed Innocenzo IV.* p. 23. Third Edition.

² Rouen, 1509.

³ Salamanca, 1511.

⁴ Paris, 1512.

⁵ Cologne, 1618, pp. 348—352.

⁶ *Works of the Seraphic Father St. Francis of Assisi*. Translated by a Religious of the Order. Second Edition. London: Washbourne, 1890.

⁷ By P. F. Bernardo da Fivizzano, Capuchin. Florence, 1880. This edition also contains an Italian translation.

and pious Fathers). The new edition aims at giving only writings which, both as regards *matter* and *form*, are obviously the handiwork of the Saint. A sound critical principle has guided the Editors in their numerous excisions. They take as their basis the earliest MSS. (thirteenth and fourteenth centuries): whatever is not to be found in collections of the writings of St. Francis of those dates, has been subjected to the severest overhauling, with the result that most of it has had to go. Thus, for instance, the apophthegms or sayings of St. Francis have disappeared, for though no doubt his in substance, they were never *written* by him and we cannot be sure that they contain his *ipsissima verba*. Wherever Wadding has found a *dicebat enim* or a *dicebat autem* in the Legends, followed by a saying of the Saint's, he has considered himself entitled to include it in the Works. The so-called colloquies disappear for much the same reason, as likewise do the prophecies, parables, oracles, examples, and the famous chapter on the Perfect Joy of the Friar Minor, which is but a reproduction of chapter vii. of the *Actus*.¹ The Rules of the Second and Third Order have also gone, but of that more anon. The seventeen Epistles have been reduced to six, the twenty-eight Monastic Conferences² to one, and the seven blessings likewise to one, that of Frate Leone, the original of which is preserved in the sacristy of San Francesco Assisi.

But if the reader possesses the English edition of the works I can easily give him an idea of all that goes to make up the authentic writings of St. Francis. Let him cancel the Epistle on p. 11; the letter to St. Anthony (alas!) on p. 19; Epistle No. vii. on pp. 20, 21; Epistles Nos. ix. and x. on pp. 22, 23; Epistle No. xvii. pp. 32, 33; the Rules of St. Clare and the Order of Penance, pp. 69—93; all the Monastic Conferences save No. 3; every page from p. 138 to the end of the Cantic on p. 163;³ the prayer "O great and glorious

¹ *Actus Beati Francisci et Sociorum ejus edidit Paul Sabatier*. Paris: Fischbacher, 1902, p. 24. This is chapter viii. of the *Fioretti*.

² The *Collationes Monasticae*—thus most inappropriately named by Wadding—consist of short speeches of a general nature taken from the two Lives by Thomas of Celano, St. Bonaventure's Legend, the *Leg. iii. Soc.*, the *Actus*, and the *Speculum Perfectionis*. The words, however, are not to our certain knowledge the Saint's *ipsissima*. The beautiful 23rd Conference is taken from the *Passio* of the Five Protomartyrs. (*Chron. XXIV. Gen. p. 581.*)

³ Except the "Cantic of the Sun" which, *pace* the learned Professor Ildebrando della Giovanna and the shade of Friar Ireneo Affò, is surely the genuine work of St. Francis. It does not figure in the Quaracchi edition, presumably because it was written in the vernacular.

God," p. 165; all the prayers on p. 166; the prayer "Holy Mother of God," p. 167; the prayer to obtain Poverty, pp. 169—171; and the whole of the rest of the book from p. 176 to the end, p. 269, excepting only the Benediction to Friar Leo on p. 248. Out of 258 pages, only some 76 survive the critical tests applied by the Editors. Now let the reader make the following corrections: Epistles iv. and v. are not Epistles, though genuine writings of St. Francis which St. Clare incorporated in the Rule she wrote shortly before death; Epistle No. xiii. is wanting in the epistolary form in the oldest MSS., and should be regarded as a devout instruction on the reverent reservation of the Blessed Sacrament; the prayer "Omnipotent Eternal" given separately on p. 164 really forms the conclusion of Epistle xii.; the prayer "Holy, Holy, Holy," to be said before the Divine Office,¹ should follow on as part of the "Paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer;"² the prayer "Holy Virgin Mary" on p. 167 is no separate collect, but really forms the Antiphon to the Office of the Passion composed by St. Francis; the third Monastic Conference³ should find a place by itself as a Constitution on the Religious Life in Minoritic Hermitages. When the reader has made the above excisions and alterations in Mr. Washbourne's edition, he will have before him all the genuine writings of St. Francis, except the beautiful Office of the Passion, which for some reason has been omitted from the English edition.

It would at first sight seem as if our loss were great. That is not really so. For instance, it has for long been known that the Rule of the Third Order of 1289 did not, in the form in which it has come down to us, represent the original Rule of the Tertiaries. The mystic Canticles "In Foco l'Amor mi mise" and "Amor di Caritade" were well known not to be by St. Francis. So, too, the Apophthegms, Colloquies, Prophecies, Parables, Examples, and I hope also the Benedictions, are not really lost to us: in their substance they proceed from St. Francis, and might very well find a place in a volume containing the "Writings and Sayings" of the Seraphic Patriarch. The harvest of genuine writings left to us is still rich, in quality if not in quantity: we have the First Rule (1209—1221); the definitive Rule (1223); the Admonitions; the ever memorable Testament of the holy Father; six genuine Epistles, including the famous one to all the Faithful, and the no less famous one

¹ P. 164.

² P. 168.

³ P. 109.

to all the Friars; then we have the Office of the Passion; the stirring praises before the Divine Office; the collect *Absorbeat*; the *Laudes Dei*; the Seraphic Benediction; the Salutation of the Blessed Virgin; and the exquisite Salutation of the Virtues.¹

It will come as a surprise to some that the Rule of St. Clare has disappeared. But happily this is only to the honour and glory of St. Clare herself. St. Francis undoubtedly wrote for her a *formulam vitæ* at the beginning of her religious life—we have the authority of Gregory IX. himself for it²—but it was this Pontiff himself, who a few years afterwards, when still Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, wrote a Rule for the Poor Ladies which was approved by St. Francis and confirmed by Honorius III. It is an error to suppose that St. Francis ever *wrote*, though of course he fully inspired a Rule for the Poor Clares. St. Clare herself recast the Rule in her last days, inserting *mutatis mutandis*, many literal extracts from St. Francis' Rule for his friars. This Rule was confirmed by Pope Innocent IV. in the Bull *Solet Annuere*, dated 9th August, 1253, only two days before St. Clare's death. The original Bull of Innocent IV. was found at the Nunnery of Santa Chiara at Assisi in 1893 under most moving circumstances, wrapped inside an old mantle of the Saint's which had for centuries been revered as a relic, without knowledge of the still more precious relic it contained.³ St. Anthony of Padua was fervently invoked throughout the long and anxious search in different parts of Europe which preceded the finding of the Bull.

As regards the Rule of the Third Order confirmed by Pope Nicholas IV. in 1289, which was in force until the promulgation of Leo XIII.'s Apostolic Constitution, *Misericors Dei Filius*, in 1882, it is obviously not the work of St. Francis. M. Sabatier

¹ "Ave, regina sapientia, Dominus te salvet cum tua sorore sancta pura simplicitate. Domina sancta paupertas, Dominus te salvet cum tua sorore sancta humilitate," &c. We know this exquisite salutation to be by St. Francis on the authority of his earliest biographer, Thomas of Celano. See *Vita Secunda*, pars. iii. cap. cxix.

² In the Bull *Angelis Gaudium*, 11th May, 1238. Wadding, ii. 10.

³ For the text taken from the Bull, see *Seraphica Legislationis Textus Originales*. (Quaracchi, 1897. 312 large octavo pages for three livres!), pp. 51—76. Cf. also pp. 2, 3, and p. 14. The Bull is a relic because St. Clare had it in her possession and repeatedly kissed it during the last two days of her life. There is an endorsement on it: "Hanc dicta Clara tetigit et osculata est pro devotione pluribus et pluribus vicibus." See *Chiara di Assisi ed Innocenzo IV.* by the Abbot Giuseppe Cozza-Luzi, Vice-Librarian of Holy Church. Third Edition. Rome, 1887, p. 51. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this remarkable study.

in 1901 published a much older version, while not professing to regard even this as the original Rule of St. Francis.¹ Père Mandonnet, the learned Dominican, has sought by ingenious arguments, well worthy of attention, to prove that the first twelve chapters of the thirteen into which the document discovered by M. Sabatier is divided, form the original Rule in its primitive state.² But his arguments have not convinced the Quaracchi Editors. They point out that cap. vi. § 4, of this Rule contains a privilege accorded by a Bull of Gregory IX. (*Detestanda Humani Generis*), dated 30th March, 1228, allowing Tertiaries to take certain oaths, and that this section at least could not have been written in 1221. It seems to me, however, eminently possible that cap. vi. § 4, in its original form prohibited all manner of oaths, and that it was therefore more convenient to insert in the body of the Rule in the place where the subject had been dealt with before, the provisions of the Brief *Detestanda* relating to oaths, instead of including them among the fresh dispositions added in 1228 in the form of cap. xiii. With the exception of this one change in cap. vi., I still hold to the opinion I expressed when M. Sabatier first published his discovery, namely, that we may accept "the first twelve chapters as substantially the handiwork of the Saint."³ Perhaps the Rule would have found a place in an Appendix of "Doubtful Works," but that critics of the calibre of the Quaracchi Editors do not look upon the doubtful with a kindly eye. In such an Appendix I would certainly have put the letter to St. Anthony (No. iii. in the English Edition), which has been rejected as doubtful on the ground that it exists in too many different forms.

The latest edition of the Works of St. Francis contains no new matter. But it does contain, for the first time in an edition of his writings, the complete text of the important letter *ad quendam Ministrum* (Epistola iii.; Letter viii. in the English edition).⁴ It makes sense of a passage which had hitherto been

¹ *Regula Antiqua FF. et SS. de Penitentia*. (Opusculs de Critique Historique, Fasc. i.) Paris: Fischbacher, 1901.

² *Les Règles et le Gouvernement de l'Ordo de Penitentia au xiii. Siècle*. (Opusculs de Critique Historique, Fasc. iv.) Paris: Fischbacher, 1902. He, at least to my mind, has successfully proved that the Rule discovered by M. Sabatier was that in force in 1228.

³ *Weekly Register*, August 30th, 1901, p. 260.

⁴ First printed by Père Edouard d'Alençon, Archivist General of the Capuchins, in his *Spicilegium Franciscanum* (Epistolæ S. F. ad Ministrum Generalem). Rome, 1899. Then by M. Sabatier in his edition of Bartholi's *Tractatus de Indulgentia S. Mariæ de Portiuncula*. Paris, 1900. And again by Dr. Ed. Lempp in his *Frère Elie de Cortone*. Paris, 1901.

obscure. In the version given by Wadding and those who have copied him, St. Francis writes, that if a friar has fallen into mortal sin, he is obliged to have recourse to his Guardian, that the Guardian is to send him to the Custos, and that the Custodes are to have no sort of power of inflicting any penance, but are simply to say: Go and sin no more. It was naturally impossible that St. Francis should command that a friar guilty of mortal sin should be absolved without any penance; yet that *might* have been read into this letter. If ever the conduct or language of a saint seems to run counter to the Church which has canonized him, I am as sure of a faulty or incomplete text as I am of the infallibility of the Church. And in this case a large slice of the letter had been omitted: in its complete form it shows that the expression "go and sin no more," was not addressed to friars in mortal sin, nor even addressed to anybody by priests or superiors of the Order. But I had better quote the part with which we are here concerned:

De omnibus autem capitulis, quæ sunt in regula, quæ loquuntur de mortalibus peccatis, Domino adjuvante in capitulo Pentecostes cum consilio fratrum faciemus istud tale capitulum: Si quis frater, instigante inimico, mortaliter peccaverit, per obedientiam teneatur recurrere ad guardianum suum. Et omnes fratres, qui scirent eum peccasse, non faciant ei verecundiam nec detractionem, sed magnam misericordiam habeant circa ipsum et teneant multum privatum peccatum fratris sui; quia "non est opus sanis medicus, sed male habentibus." Similiter per obedientiam teneantur eum mittere custodi suo cum socio. Ipse custos misericorditer provideat ei, sicut ipse vellet provideri sibi, si in consimili casu esset. [Et si in aliquo peccato veniali ceciderit, confiteatur fratri suo sacerdoti, et si non fuerit ibi sacerdos, confiteatur fratri suo, donec habebit sacerdotem, qui eum absolvat canonice, sicut dictum est];¹ et isti penitus non habeant potestatem iniungendi aliam poenitentiam nisi istam: Vade et noli amplius peccare.²

St. Francis is here writing to a Minister Provincial or perhaps his Vicar General (called also Minister General), Friar Elias, with suggestions for a new Chapter in the Rule dealing with the subject of friars who have been guilty of venial or mortal sin. The friar who has fallen into mortal sin is forthwith to report himself to his Guardian; the Guardian is to send him accompanied to the Custos from whom the Convent depends, who

¹ In chapter xx. of the First Rule.

² Epistola, No. iii. pp. 109, 110. The part in brackets is the part omitted by Wadding and others.

will treat him mercifully. Nothing is said about confession because in the early days of the Order, both Guardian and Custodes, like the Founder himself, were not always priests. Confession and penance would follow as a matter of course. Penance is clearly prescribed by chapter xx. of the First Rule. Meantime, the Custos keeps the erring friar under a merciful restraint. The Saint then discusses the subject of friars who have committed venial sin. These will confess to a priest if there is one at hand; if not, they will confess to a brother not in Orders until they can have a priest,¹ *et isti*, that is to say, these brothers not being in Orders, shall have no power to inflict any other penance except to say: Go and sin no more. M. Sabatier, too ready to believe in the impossible phenomenon of a St. Francis in hostility to his mother the Church, has inferred, even with the full text of the letter before him, that the *isti* are the superiors of the Order and its priests.² So a compassionate saint, anticipating the Reformation which also abolished confession, would have done away altogether with penances, had not a Machiavellian "Hugolin" and a Mephistophelean "Curie" stepped in and destroyed his merciful work; for alas! in the Rule of 1223, written but a year after the letter, St. Francis has been forced to prescribe penance.³ Dr. Lempp follows in the wake of M. Sabatier.⁴ "Pour les péchés véniels la voie habituelle, la confession sacramentelle, est jugée suffisante. *Aucune peine*, ni dans l'un, ni dans l'autre cas, ne saurait être imposée: 'Va et ne pèche plus,' est la seule pénitence qui soit admise."⁵ Hear him again on p. 153, for he cannot get over the unchristian wickedness of the "Curie" and their facile instrument, Friar Elias. "Ah! les choses eussent pu être bien différentes, si l'ordre eût conservé quelques traces de l'esprit qui animait François lorsqu'il écrivit à Elie pour lui recommander de n'imposer au pécheur repentant aucune autre pénitence que celle de l'Evangile: 'Va et ne pèche plus!'" And on p. 51 he describes the thought of abolishing penances tenderly, as "si franciscaine." What can such a writer know of the heart and mind of St. Francis, of the soul and true nature of the Catholic Church? This elaborate structure of these two

¹ "Confitemini alterutrum peccata vestra." (Jac. v. 16.)

² Bartholi, pp. 113—131.

³ "Ipsi vero Ministri, si presbyteri sunt, cum misericordia iniungant illis poenitentiam; si vero presbyteri non sunt, iniungi faciant per alios sacerdotes Ordinis." (cap. vii.)

⁴ Frère Elie de Cortone: *Étude Biographique.*

⁵ P. 50.

scholars, in which they would fain have enshrined a rebel-hearted Francis, topples at a touch, and crumbles into mere dust and nothingness at the bare word of the humblest catechumen. Is it not passing strange that men of considerable attainments, men of undoubted capacity, men of rectitude, zeal, and the scholar's enthusiasm, sane and sound in all things else, should suffer their clear spirits to be puddled when they come face to face with the interior life and inner ways of the Kingdom of God upon earth? M. Sabatier has lately admitted that a Catholic priest, if he have the critical spirit, has considerable advantages over laymen in the study of hagiography, because he is "de la maison."¹ The admission is just and generous; it gives the key to the study of hagiography; and should surely act as an incentive to his followers to study a little more thoroughly the ways of that "maison" which alone has generated, fostered, loved, canonized and publicly venerated those saints, the mere exterior study of whom they find so entirely enchanting and absorbing.

Now that the authentic writings of the Seraphic Patriarch have been gathered together in handy form, I pray that they may emerge somewhat from the neglect which has hitherto been too much their lot outside the Order. St. Francis in his habit as he lived moves and speaks in every line of them, and wheresoever he enters Peace goes in with him and abides: *Pax huic domui*. I cannot do better than close with those words of his which the *Patres Editores* have chosen for their *vale* and benediction: "Omnes, qui ea benigne recipiant, benedicat eis Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus. Amen."

MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL.²

¹ *Nouveaux Travaux sur les Documents Franciscains*, (Opuscules de Critique Historique, Fasc. vii. p. 23.) He is referring to Père Mandonnet.

² PERSONAL NOTE.—The *Præses et Præfectus* of St. Bonaventure's College, Father Leonard Lemmens, so well known for his contributions to Franciscan history, has, with too great indulgence, assigned to me the right of the English translation of this edition of the works of St. Francis. I hope to publish the little book before the year is out.

Present-Day Protestantism.

TO those who are familiar with the extensive and aggressive Protestant propaganda carried on at the present time, there is something very remarkable in the steady progress made by the Church in this country. The progress is not so much in numbers as in influence, and still more in the growth of friendly feeling among those outside towards those within the Church. That the extent and energy of Protestantism is so little known or understood among ourselves is in itself the strongest evidence of its futility; and it is remarkable that Protestant propagandists do not even pretend that they make any headway in detaching Catholics from their faith—the only success they claim consists in preventing folk from joining the Church. The numerous societies, the “vans” and “bands” and “preachers” and lecturers, the tracts and papers and magazines and stories all devoted to the Protestant propaganda, fail to make any impression upon the Catholic body, save when some unusually outrageous platform utterance goads the hearers into resentment which finds expression in a shower of stones, or a more than ordinarily scurrilous personal attack compels recourse to the law as the only means of preventing similar occurrences.

This failure of Protestantism is almost equally evident in its attacks upon the Anglicans in the Establishment. Here and there a practice is checked, ornaments are removed, a service is stopped or a preacher admonished; but the ritualistic movement makes steady progress, and the process of “levelling up” in the Catholic direction continues its course.

Strangest of all is the admission that their efforts are practically unsuccessful by those who are continually appealing, and usually with success, for increased funds to carry on their work. I shall cite examples of such admission later on, but the despairing note rings through every Protestant magazine, rising in acuteness with the intensity of the Protestantism of the paper. Nothing can be more encouraging to Catholics and, we

should have thought, more discouraging to Protestants, than the testimony borne by such papers as *The Rock*, *The Protestant Woman*, and *The English Churchman*—taking only three examples—to the steady advance of the Church in this country, or to the power and completeness of its organization; and no disclaimer on our part produces any effect. If we assure a Protestant, for example, even if he be of the type of Dr. Horton, that the press of the country is not practically controlled by Catholics, he considers we are trying to impose on his credulity; but if a brother Protestant tells him there is a Jesuit in every newspaper office, he accepts the statement without demur. Assuredly Catholics would never dream of claiming for themselves the position which the average Protestant insists on conferring upon them.

I speak the more confidently about our ignorance of the extent of the Protestant press propaganda because I myself, who claim some knowledge of the subject, am continually receiving additions to my knowledge. This is largely owing to the untiring zeal and generosity of Mr. A. Le Lievre, the inventor of the Protestant Press Agency, who has now, I imagine, entered into the reward of his labours, for I see that whereas he used to sign himself as its "Hon. Secretary," he is now its "Official Press Correspondent." How far his remuneration is adequate, I am unable to say, for with that reticence which distinguishes other Protestant bodies—the Convent Enquiry Society, for example, and, until outside pressure was brought to bear upon it, the Protestant Truth Society—numerous and varied attempts and applications have failed to draw any balance-sheet from the P.P.A. The funds of the Society, however, are to some extent expended upon my unworthy self, and, I fear, upon yet more unworthy publications, for among the many which Mr. Le Lievre has sent me is to be reckoned the *Agnostic Journal*, in which Mr. Le Lievre's attacks upon the Catholic Church appear side by side with appalling blasphemies against things which every Christian holds sacred. With such strange bed-fellows do those consort whose energies are devoted and whose life is spent in attacking the creed of the greatest number of Christians!

Who, for example, knows of *The Protestant Pioneer*, which "seeks to provide an *Antidote to the Romanist Poison*,¹ with which so-called 'Parish' Magazines are too often suppl-

¹ Italics of original.

mented:" who saw *The Universal Magazine*, "the Largest, the Cheapest, and the Best Magazine in the World," which in spite of its size, cheapness, and excellence, went under, I believe, about a year ago? Then there was—I believe still is—*The Vindicator*, a sheet of four pages, issued in Islington, which may claim to have attained the acme of scurrility; just as Colonel Whale's sheet (issued at Weston-super-Mare), which has just taken a new title, *Protestants on Guard*, seems to have sounded the depths of foolishness. The list might be indefinitely prolonged; probably Mr. Le Lievre could mention a hundred of such things, all permeated with one motive, actuated by one aim—malignant hatred of the Catholic Church; a hatred which disdains no weapon, however poisoned, that can be directed against the one enemy which Protestantism fears.

And as Catholics are ignorant of the number of the organizations and of the extent of the literature directed against the Church, so are they unaware of the violence of the language which is employed by the agents of Protestant societies and the writers in the Protestant press. And it is not the uneducated that are the chief offenders—at least, one assumes that the title of "D.D." implies some education, although the recent revelation of the source whence "Dr." Clifford derives his title, renders the assumption somewhat doubtful.¹ Here, for example, is an extract, taken literally at random, from a little book of about a hundred pages by the Rev. W. Kennedy Moore, D.D.:

Popery is the worst of despotisms, because it aims at enslaving both the souls and the bodies of men. Other tyrannies have been satisfied with the outward subjection of their victims:—that they could compel, and with that they have been content. But Rome demands to dictate what men shall think. Nor can she do otherwise. Her power would be gone unless she could constrain men to believe a lie. She has proclaimed her wish to exterminate all who will not put their neck under her yoke; she has done her best to accomplish that desire; and most gladly would she finish the task if she could find the means.

This is no unfair example of this book, nor of the pabulum provided monthly by the *Protestant Alliance Official Organ*, from which it is reprinted: many worse passages might be cited. Of course it has its ludicrous side: one is irresistibly

¹ The Rev. W. C. Minifie, one of the most vituperative of anti-Catholic lecturers, has, I observe, lately become "Dr."—is he also a graduate of Bates "University"?

reminded of the passage in the lecture of Newman's "Russian Count"—

Inebriated with the cup of insanity, and flung upon the stream of recklessness, she dashes down the cataract of nonsense, and whirls amid the pools of confusion ;

but if we think of this kind of thing going on for sixty years and more, multiplied a thousand times by manifold agencies, we shall understand how marvellous has been the progress of the Church in England.

Last year brought us, with the sadness which filled our hearts at the death of a great Pope, a wonderful consolation which showed how little the threatenings and denunciations of Protestantism had affected the popular mind ; or rather how, in spite of those denunciations, the position of the Church and its Head had obtained the respect of the English people. The tributes of the daily and weekly press, irrespective of politics—the respectful and sympathetic pulpit references, irrespective of party—bore striking and unanswerable witness to the kindly attitude towards us of all men of good-will. The visit of the King to the Holy Father, undertaken as it was in the teeth of strenuous Protestant opposition, outweighs in importance the blustering of any number of Protestant papers. It is worth while to recall the resolution unanimously adopted by a meeting of representatives of fifty-one Protestant societies and forwarded to the King, in which, with astounding impudence, these bodies expressed their "decided opinion" that such a visit might be "regarded as an affront" to the King of Italy, and "would be regarded by many as a violation of His Majesty's declaration at his Coronation and of the Coronation oath ;" ending by refusing to believe that "such a visit could be really in contemplation," and imploring "an official denial of the reports." Yet, in spite of this protest, the visit took place, and His Majesty's gracious reference to it at the time of the death of Leo XIII. was sufficient indication of his attitude towards his Catholic subjects and their Head.

No less remarkable has been the kindly interest of the nation in his successor. The incidents of the election of the Sovereign Pontiff were followed with the keenest interest ; and when Pius X. succeeded to Leo, papers vied with each other in the kindness of reference and friendliness of tone. Even the redoubtable Dr. Alexander Robertson of Venice, unsparing in

criticism and unscrupulous in language as he is wont to be, wrote for the *Pall Mall Magazine*, in a style hardly recognizable as his, a friendly appreciation of the new Pontiff; and a prominent feature of the first number of the new *Daily Paper* is an interview with the Holy Father.

The failure of Protestantism to check the advance of favourable opinion towards Catholics is indeed in every way remarkable. The thinking person will say, and say truly, that such failure is not wonderful; the violence of such controversy as has been cited must defeat its own ends, and can only benefit those whom it attempts to injure. This is in a sense true; there are undoubtedly indications that the wave of rowdy Protestantism which has been sweeping over the land has spent its force, and that the methods of its more truculent exponents are beginning to disgust the decent folk who have associated with it.

The threatened submergence, at the end of last year, of *The Rock* upon which, according to some, the very structure of Protestantism in this country is built, is in itself a striking illustration of what has been said; and the correspondence to which it gave rise contained so many important admissions bearing upon the preceding remarks, that I propose to quote from it at some length. I need not say that I have no intention of exulting over the misfortunes of *The Rock*. That a newspaper should fail to attract support, and even cease to exist, is in no way remarkable; it has happened to more than one Catholic paper. But it is not usual for journals which go under to identify themselves so thoroughly with the policy they have supported as to assume, or rather to say openly, that their failure implies disaster to their cause. A sense of humour, if nothing else, saves them from this; but Protestantism, as represented by its press, has no sense of humour—it could hardly exist if it had.

"*The Rock*," says its editor, "has fought the fight for nearly forty years," but "a crisis has overtaken [it], like *The Pilot*." I purposely refrain from entering into the details of the "crisis," because, as has been said already, I have no wish to exult in *The Rock's* misfortunes; but in fairness to *The Pilot* it must be said that no such audit of its books appeared as that which was published of those of *The Rock* in the press; it will be found in *The Tablet* for December 12th,¹ to which the curious may be referred for further information.

¹ P. 931.

I propose to make somewhat copious extracts from the letters which *The Rock* has published *apropos* of its difficulties, because they exemplify almost every characteristic feature of the Protestant press at the present moment. On their surface they bear testimony to the weakness of the position, to financial failure, to the absence of "combination and common action in Protestantism" and the presence of "mutual jealousies and rivalries," to the publications "in many cases carried on at a financial loss;" and they exemplify, as only the correspondence in a Protestant paper can, the ridiculous ravings of fanaticism. Not in any spirit of exaggeration, but as a firm conviction based upon a somewhat intimate knowledge of the aggressive Protestant press, do I say that it is almost impossible to believe that some of the letters published in Protestant papers are written by persons in the full possession of their faculties. Why extreme Protestantism should be associated, as it almost invariably is, with ignorance of the rules of grammar and composition, is as difficult to explain as the reason why Protestant letter-writers lose their heads when the Catholic Church is their subject; it must remain a mystery, but of the fact there can be no doubt.

To return to *The Rock*. It describes itself on its front page as "the Popular Protestant Church newspaper;" but it is much more than that:

The only safety from Rome's exactions and the people's impoverishment by means of crushing rates and taxes, imposed to further the Pope's interests, is in the vigilance of such journals as *The Rock*, vigilance which cannot possibly be effective without a large outlay.

This editorial appreciation,¹ however, falls far short of that expressed by other admirers. Mr. Albert H. Waters, who is what is called "a veteran controversialist," writes a letter which, from start to finish, is a severe criticism of Protestants for their neglect of the plain duty of financing *The Rock*. Mr. Waters writes out of the fulness of a grateful heart; at one time his "love of art and music and the friendship of High Church people nearly made [him] a Ritualist, and led [him] to look with a good deal of sympathy towards the Church of Rome." But "a kind friend used to post [*The Rock*] to [him] weekly," and, like little Alice Brown in the ballad, he

never more was guilty of a weakness of that kind.

¹ The extracts are from *The Rock* of December 11, 18, 24, 1903.

Mr. Waters heads his letter: "Why is Protestantism a Failure?" It will be observed that he evidently considers the fact beyond dispute; it only remains to ascertain the cause. And the answer is simple, although he takes a good deal of space in giving it; it is because Protestants do not support the press in general and *The Rock* in particular.

Has England fallen so low that there are less than 100,000 Christians in it? If there be 100,000 [if!] why do not each of these subscribe for a copy of *The Rock* to pass on to some Roman or Ritualistic friend? If they already subscribe, why not take two copies and give one away? If there are any Christian men in business [really, Mr. Waters!] why not give *The Rock* an advertisement for CHRIST'S SAKE.¹

Mr. Waters goes on to say that the £50,000 which the Church Association needs in order to "secure the Protestant Parliament" will be of little use "unless public opinion is formed by a paper such as *The Rock*;" but it seems a little unkind to say this of the Church Association, seeing that that body, according to the report already referred to, has already given £400 to keep the paper in existence until the General Election, although the gift did not so appear in the books of the Rock Newspaper Company.

In a second letter Mr. Waters becomes even more emphatic, both in his confession of failure and in his advocacy of *The Rock*. As to the former, what can be more definite than the following:

Why is England so rich as she is? Surely that, as the representative of Sion, her sons may enable her effectively to cope with the Babylon against whom she is called by her God to wage unceasing war. But the war is not being effectively carried on. Babylon is winning. Inch by inch we have had to fall back, outwork after outwork has had to be surrendered, the Church is nearly captured, and now the newspaper which has made such a brave fight for forty years is in peril of having to haul down its flag.

As to *The Rock*, Mr. Waters says:

It has never had the financial support really necessary to make it the power it might have been. From the files of it I could write its history. It has been for the most part a brave struggle against undeserved adversity. *It is the only Protestant paper the Jesuits really fear.*² Witness the continual attacks on it and its contributors. And

¹ Capitals of original.

² The italics are Mr. Waters's, and the statement seems singularly misplaced in view of the result of the action taken in 1902 by Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., against *The Rock*.

the reason for this is because its Protestantism is not narrow-minded bigotry, but patriotism. It has made a Protestant party a possibility, and if it can be saved may yet make Protestant questions prominent in Parliament. If I had my will it should come out at least twice or three times a week, with fewer pages, of course, and be published at a half-penny. But this is impossible unless it is adequately financed.

In conclusion, I would ask every reader of this whom the Lord has prospered carefully and prayerfully to think over his or her responsibilities in this matter lest they come into condemnation.

I am inclined to doubt whether Mr. Waters knows as much of the history of *The Rock* as he thinks; does he know, for instance, that during its most militant and I believe its most successful period its "Romish and Ritualistic gleanings" were edited by a man who was without belief in revealed religion? I knew him well; he had a curious sense of humour, which found an outlet in the expression of Protestant views of the most exaggerated kind.

The bitter feeling which notoriously exists between the various Protestant societies—of which I shall have more to say—finds an outlet in this correspondence. Here, for example, is a protest from a correspondent against the Imperial Protestant Federation and the *English Churchman*—neither is named, but the reference is unmistakable:

It will be a lasting disgrace to Protestantism should such a veteran journal languish for need of support in the hour of difficulty and stress. It is a well-known fact that we have only two outspoken Protestant weekly journals, and one of them seems to be more or less under the control of the bigger Protestant Societies, who use its advertisement columns to a large extent. *The Rock*, on the other hand, even to its own injury, has ever presented an open door to SMALLER, BUT NONE THE LESS ACTIVE, AGENCIES,¹ who are doing excellent work. Reports of the work of these agencies have failed to secure insertion or notice in the columns of other journals. Why should *The Rock* suffer eclipse? Is it because it has steered clear of the attempt to centralize all Protestant effort in the hands of a special circle, whose aim has been to dominate or crush out of existence all smaller agencies?

An editorial article in the same number (that for December 24—Christmas Eve!) echoes this note. Having said that "the worst enemies of Protestantism are Protestants," it proceeds:

There are Protestants who spend half their time attacking fellow Protestants, and more dearly love to find some minute point of

¹ Capitals of original.

difference in the methods of allies than to declare aloud their oneness in essentials. There are yet others of the baser sort (!) to whom the following passage from *The Smoke of Her Burning* might more fitly apply than to the feminine sex, who are by no means the worst offenders in this cowardly and un-Christian pastime—"the skilled backbiter, after first extolling the merits and virtues of her subject, by the deft introduction of a portentous 'but,' or an 'in strict confidence' clause, in a moment desecrates name, character, and reputation, emphasizing her words with silent nod or shrug of the shoulder. . . . Should it occur, by the sheerest miscalculation, that the authorship of the story be laid at their door, these imperturbable creatures will indignantly deny the charge, bitterly protesting themselves the innocent victims of misrepresentation; and I believe that not in a few instances they are the victims not of misrepresentation but of an incontinent gift of speech, than [*sic*] really no wish to injure anyone." This last excuse, so perfect in feminine cases, *if necessary*,¹ cannot be advanced to screen male detractors.

Another correspondent plays the same tune in a somewhat different key: his candour does him credit.

I feel sure that the Protestant societies cannot regard without concern the present predicament of the paper which has done them real yeoman service in the past by the interest it has created in their work and proceedings? May I be allowed to offer a suggestion? Most of those societies have a publication of their own, and these, it is whispered, are in many cases carried on at a financial loss. Why this useless waste at the expense, too, of a really representative organ? Will there never be combination and common action in Protestantism, instead of mutual jealousies and rivalries? Combination for Press work would effect not only the continuance of *The Rock*, but would save sorely-needed funds to these societies, and would also be a step in the direction of avoidance of overlapping.

But if, on the authority of Protestants, their papers are inadequate, or on the verge of extinction, their societies in "sore need" of funds, and if Protestantism itself is a failure, the position of Catholicism, on the same authority, is one of steady progress. The same writer says:

The reason the British people do not universally support *The Rock* and anti-Romanism in general is that they are utterly ignorant of the systematic undermining that has been going on so long of the Protestant constitution; and as our Press is captured, probably they will now be awakened, and the country will be led once again to Rome. . . . I believe it to be too late to stem the torrent of Romanism swamping England.

¹ Italics of original.

This is a little cryptic, but I hope the writer is a true prophet when he says that the awaking of the British people will lead the country "once again to Rome." Indeed, the only way of preventing this is explained by another correspondent :

I hear with sincere regret that *The Rock* has fallen upon evil days—so evil, indeed, that its further publication is seriously imperilled. To one who like myself has taken this paper for many years, and who knows how faithful it has been to its sacred mission, this eventuality can only appear as a calamity both to our Church and nation ; for in these days of ceaseless, and to a large extent successful, effort by the Church of Rome to regain her power in these dominions, it is absolutely necessary that we should still have the services of such a paper to lift up the standard of truth, to expose and oppose error, and to make manifest the machinations of those who are working so hard and so unremittingly to destroy both our civil and religious liberty.

"A Manchester Elector" denounces Protestant apathy in terms which lack nothing of vigour, and points out with irresistible force that the course of history would have been changed had *The Rock* existed in the past. His letter is long, but, like the White Knight's song, it is "very, very beautiful ;" and I cannot find it in my heart to shorten it. My only regret is that it will be difficult to convince the ordinary reader of its genuineness, but a wide experience of Protestant literature leaves no doubt of this on my mind. Here it is in its entirety and without comment, for none is necessary :

At a time when Mr. Balfour is threatening the immediate and certain overthrow of every Conservative and Unionist Parliamentary seat in Protestant Lancashire and in all England and Scotland by two or three of those most deadly Papal Irish Jesuitical priestly measures, which have proved the curse, the immediate overthrow, and the destruction of every Government which ever proposed or carried such desperately ruinous measures, comes the news of a possible crisis in your great Protestant newspaper ! I say that this crisis is a great disgrace and shame to rich Protestantism ! *THE ROCK* is wanted at this moment on the tables of every political club in this kingdom !

If the poor dethroned and overthrown Popish Kings and Queens of Europe had only had a *Rock* newspaper to advise them instead of being advised by the Jesuits they might all have kept their thrones and crowns until their dying day ! If poor and very soon beheaded Archbishop Laud had had a *Rock* newspaper to advise him, he had never been beheaded ! The poor Rome-imitating Archbishop never knew that the imitation and aspect of Romanism in Protestant England was just as deadly, just as ruinous, just as revolutionary, as real

Romanism! Poor dethroned Popish James II., the very last Popish King of England, never knew the tremendously revolutionary nature of Romanism until he had lost the crown of England, until he had "sacrificed three kingdoms for a Mass!" The Liberals had never lost Lancashire if they had learned from *THE ROCK* that Popish Irish Jesuitical priestly Bills are the very nearest way to political and Government destruction ever known! The poor Nationalist Irish M.P.'s greatly need the Protestant *Rock*, for the constant support, by Irish Nationalists, of Irish priestly Bills, is the surest way of killing Irish Home Rule ever conceived! I do hope our builders of churches and chapels will come at once to the rescue of the noblest Protestant journal in the Empire! "Give up Protestantism and you give up all," once said the powerful Protestant Hugh Stowell!

I send a subscription to sustain your great Protestant journal. We want a daily *Rock* as well as a weekly one, and the enormously rich Protestants of the Empire could very soon supply the funds! Better sustain and support Protestant newspapers than be taxed wholesale by the Pope of Rome! Better plant *THE ROCK* newspaper on the tables of every political club in this kingdom than learn the smash and desperate ruin of another English Government by priestly Jesuit Bills in a very few months!

JAMES BRITTEN.

(To be continued.)

Antoinette de Bourbon, Duchesse de Guise.

1494—1583.

AMONG the many brilliant personages of the French Court in the sixteenth century, one grave and gracious figure, that of Antoinette de Bourbon, Duchess of Guise, possesses, we think, a special interest; not only as the mother of a great race, but as the grandmother of Mary, Queen of Scots, who indeed owed the chief part of her early education to her care.

Till within the last few years such records as existed of Antoinette's life were rare and scattered, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Monsieur de Pimodan for gathering them together in his interesting volume, *La Mère des Guises*.¹ Thanks to him, we are able to follow, more or less fully, the life of a great lady of the period, a life which in this case extended over more than ninety years.

Antoinette was the daughter of François, Count of Vendôme, and of Marie de Luxembourg his wife, and was, as her historian tells us, descended from St. Louis, King of France, in the eighth degree, through Robert, Count of Clermont. She was born on December 25th, 1494, at the Castle of Ham on the Somme, "a large and sombre" dwelling even then. Antoinette lost her father when she was two years old, and her brother Charles became head of the family. Very little is known of her childhood, save that her mother gave her that "solid and virile education which belonged to the days in which the true science of a noble life was more sought for than a possibly sterile course of instruction."

At the age of nineteen, Antoinette married Claude of Lorraine, Count of Guise. Claude, her junior by nearly two years, was the second surviving son of René II. of Lorraine and Anjou. From his infancy Claude was brought up in "the love of the true religion and of justice," and "listened to the glorious

¹ *La Mère des Guises*. Par le Marquis de Pimodan. Paris: Honoré Champion, 9, Quai Voltaire, 1889.

history of his house and of the devotion of his family to God's cause." René constantly impressed on his children that he had brought them into the world for this alone, and looking back through the course of centuries, bade them consider "their ancestor, the incomparable Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine and Count of Bouillon, who merited to be chosen before all others to bear the sacred sceptre of Juda."

The Duke, who had great possessions in France, wished to settle Claude in that kingdom, and when the boy was nine years old he became a naturalized Frenchman, and was sent to Court, where he speedily became a great favourite with the French Princes.

Three years later came the news that René was dying, and Claude and his other children hastened to him. The good Duke bade them "love God, respect their mother, and love each other," and expired, surrounded by his sorrowing wife and family. Claude returned to France, where he was joyfully welcomed by the royal family—the Princesses, as we are told, looking upon him with special favour—one of them, it is asserted, being destined for his bride; but Guise had other views for himself, and before he was eighteen had engaged himself to Antoinette de Bourbon. Her biographer graphically describes the first meeting of the young couple, which took place in the Hôtel des Tournelles, that gloomy abode in which Charles VII., when victorious, "forgot" the heroic Joan of Arc, and where, later on, Henry II. was to breathe his last. In 1513, Les Tournelles was the residence of Louis XII., and on the day we speak of, Guise had come thither with the Duke of Valois, who came to visit his *fiancée*, Princess Claude of France. The Princess was attended by Antoinette, her cousin. In order to leave the royal couple to themselves, Guise and Antoinette withdrew discreetly to a distance, where at first they talked "politics," the subject being the coming royal marriage. "None of the young nobles was more elegant, more polite and gracious, yet more manly" than Claude of Guise. "Tall, well made, with speaking blue eyes, fair hair, and the mien of a conqueror," he was well fitted to please, while Antoinette, "beautiful, but with a more serious beauty," was equally attractive, and it seems to have been a case of love at first sight. "The young Count spoke of the happiness of the royal lovers, and Antoinette agreed," and soon the conversation took a more personal tone. A few days after this meeting, Guise

confided his wishes to the Duke of Valois, and begged him to declare them to Antoinette's brother. Vendôme willingly consented to so good a match for his sister, and the King and Queen ratified the engagement. It was indeed a great marriage for Antoinette, who in spite of her royal blood had but a modest fortune. On June 9th, at the Hôtel des Tournelles, the young pair, accompanied by their mothers, appeared before the King's Notaries to sign the contract, and a few days later the marriage was celebrated in the royal parish church of St. Paul. This church was more ancient than beautiful, and very dark, but Antoinette's biographer remarks that one of the painted windows must have had a special interest for her, as it bore the figures of Godfrey de Bouillon, regarded by Guise as his ancestor, and of Joan of Arc, whose birthplace was close to Antoinette's future home.

The wedding festivities took place in the Hôtel d'Estampes, which was connected by a gallery with Les Tournelles, and "all the Court celebrated them joyously." Soon after we find the newly-wedded couple at a tournament in which Guise vanquished the "beau Duc de Suffolk."

On January 1st, 1515, the Duke of Valois ascended the throne as Francis I., and Guise became the most devoted subject of his early friend. Francis, on his side, preserved a lifelong affection for Claude, shown, as years went on, by the honours and dignities he showered upon him.

The ladies of France owe a debt of gratitude to our hero, for he seems to have been the cause of a radical change in their lives. Hitherto, it appears, ladies had mixed little with gentlemen. Society as we know it, was unknown. One evening, however, as the King and Claude were "admiring the circle formed by the Queen's ladies," the latter advised his royal master to put an end to this separation and to command that in future women should have "perfect liberty."

Stern duties were, however, soon to occupy both the King and Guise. In August, 1515, Francis set forth on his expedition against the Milanese, and Guise, his elder brother, and Antoinette's brothers all joined that army in which one could "count the princes but lost count of the nobles." Soon Antoinette received news of her husband's heroism at Marignano. On the eve of the battle, Claude, though only eighteen, had been made by acclamation commander of the famous regiment, *Lansquenets du Roi*, whose black and white banner

had won for them the title of the *Black Bands*. To them and their young chief fell the honour of saving the King's life. Guise paid for his gallantry by being wounded in two places, his horse fell, and he would have been crushed to death by the numbers who passed over him but for his faithful squire, whose body even after death, made a rampart for his master.

After the battle the King sent to look for Guise's body to give him honourable burial, when he was discovered to be still breathing. In the midst of the conflict Claude had recommended himself to St. Nicholas, patron of Lorraine, and made a vow that if his life was preserved his first act on returning home should be to go on foot fully armed from the Castle of Joinville to the Church of St. Nicholas du Port. A month later Francis entered Milan accompanied by Guise, who was acclaimed as a hero. At Bologna, where the Pope and Francis met, the former asked Guise for his friendship, and Claude, expressing his thanks, offered his services to His Holiness, assuring him that if he should be one day required to draw his sword for the Church it would be seen that he was "Lorrain."

When the King returned to France in December he was met by the Queen and Queen-Mother at Lyons. Here Guise obtained leave to go to his wife at Joinville and to embrace his first child, Marie—afterwards Queen of Scotland—who had been born in November. Two days after he reached home Guise fulfilled his vow of thanksgiving by going on foot, armed as for battle, to St. Nicholas, a distance of twenty-five leagues, saying his Rosary the while. Joinville did not as yet belong to the young Guises, as it formed part of the Dowager Duchess Philippe's jointure. Antoinette was however soon to be "lady and mistress" of the fine old place, as her mother-in-law was about to leave the world to enter the Convent of the Poor Clares at Pont-à-Mousson. The good nuns agreed to receive her, after some hesitation, owing to her age and their fear that she would be unable to follow their severe rule, but Philippe reassured them, saying that nothing was impossible to the grace of God, and after putting her affairs in order, she entered the convent (December 7, 1519), where she was to spend a saintly life for many years. Her farewell words to her children have a noble ring. After giving them her blessing, she adds: "You have the honour to belong to a family which gives place to

few in Europe. Never give way in anything—be it what it may—that touches God's glory."

In consequence of his mother's retirement from the world, Guise became the owner of Joinville, while the Castle of Bar went to his brother Anthony. Perhaps Joinville was in disrepair, for Antoinette's son—called in history "Monsieur de Guise le Grand"—was, like his sister, born at Bar (February 16, 1520), and it was only after this event that Claude and Antoinette settled in their home, where now, after three hundred years, Antoinette's memory is still fresh.

The town had an eastern exposure "to the fine mild air," as an old writer calls it, "in which persons live to be eighty or a hundred." The castle dominates the town, and is a very fine building, founded in the eleventh century by the Sieur de Joinville, an ancestor of St. Louis' biographer. We may be permitted to recall that good knight's farewell to his home when he was starting for the Crusades. "Je ne voulais oncques retourner mes yex vers Joinville pour ce que le cuer ne me attendrissait du beau Chastel que laisoie et mes deux enfans." The old author already quoted describes the castle as a magnificent structure. In front of it ran a terrace, the long line of which was broken by little turrets; it was paved with a kind of porphyry. Above the terrace was a great gallery with large windows, above which again rose the walls of the centre wing of the castle, the most pleasant portion of the building, from which one could see "twelve mountain tops, streams, meadows, castles, villages, and woods." In the interior many of the rooms were very much ornamented and were hung with fine pieces of armour which recalled "noble combats." A covered gallery led to the castle chapel, or rather church, which was rich with beautiful altars and precious relics and statues.

The Petit Château, or Château du Grand jardin, built later at some little distance from the great castle, recalls an episode in our heroine's life in which an error of Guise's (devoted husband as he was) was repaired by a delicate artifice on Antoinette's part. The Duke, it appears, had allowed himself to form an admiration for a young lady of Joinville, and Antoinette, who had observed that her husband went more frequently into the town, soon heard of the cause. She at once sent to the young lady's house the richest furniture of the castle, and had the walls hung with tapestry and the apartments adorned with brocaded chairs and silver plate.

When Guise next entered the house he exclaimed, "But who has brought these things," upon which one of his own servants, who was busy arranging the furniture, replied respectfully that Madame la Duchesse, knowing that his Grace would come here, could not bear that he should be deprived of any of the things which were necessary to his comfort. At this answer, says the old chronicler, "Guise became so confused and remorseful that he went to throw himself at Antoinette's feet to beg her to forgive him," and the legend runs that he hastened to build or complete the small castle to present to his wife, and the motto engraved on its walls is supposed to bear reference to his entire devotion to her: *Toutes pour une— Là et non plus.*

One of Guise's first acts after entering into possession of Joinville was to settle it upon Antoinette. He also signed a procuration by which he entitled her to act for him when required in all his affairs, a very necessary provision, as he was constantly away serving his King and country. There was no lack of neighbours, but as Antoinette's biographer says, the retinues of a great house of the period provided society of its own; chaplains, secretaries, equerries surrounded the family, and the evenings were enlivened by pious stories and tales of chivalry.

Popular nobles like the Guise were also closely in touch with their townspeople and dependents, and at Joinville feudal customs lingered, although Claude did away with the old three-fold, obligations of so-called *for-fuyance*, *for-marriage*, *non-tonsurables*, which meant that none of his tenants could leave the country or become priests, or let their daughters marry outside his possessions, without his permission.

We have dwelt on the description of Joinville because it is the frame, so to speak, of Antoinette's future life. "There," says Monsieur de Pimodan, "she could consider herself a little Queen, and one beloved of her subjects; she was never dull or lonely, her serious tastes, her aptitude for administration, the education of her many children, her great piety," and we may add, her numerous charities, led her to prefer remaining in her "kingdom" to being at Court. As long as Claude lived she only went thither to please him, and later, only when it was necessary for her children's sake.

It is difficult, from the very richness of the material, to give a true picture of Antoinette's life from this time. Never, one

is tempted to believe, was there such a large family, or one so highly placed and so much *en evidence* as that of the Guises, and as years go on we find the "mother" surrounded by sons and daughters and descendants to the third generation, who are all more or less celebrities, and whose titles are very confusing to the biographer; François, "the great Duke," his brother John Cardinal of Lorraine, and Mary, Queen of James V. of Scotland, are those whose characters are most familiar to us; to these we must add the Bishop of Albi, the Knight of Malta, and Louise, who after escaping, it is said, the very doubtful honour of being Henry VIII.'s third Queen, became the wife of the Prince de Chimay and died young.

Many also are the incidents connected both with war and court pageantry in which the Duchess or her family took part, and it is only possible here to draw attention to a few of these. In the autumn of 1546, for instance, Francis I. visited Joinville, and a royal visit seems to have cost Antoinette as much anxiety as it would to any one in a humbler position. "I do not doubt that you are much worried, madam," writes her youngest daughter from her convent school, and she helped her mother to work a "coat" to present to the Queen on the occasion. This visit, which in spite of the trouble it caused, was a great honour, was quickly followed by sorrows. First by the death of Guise's mother, the holy old Duchess Philippe, and soon after by that of the King himself at the Castle of Rambouillet. Fornier relates that the Duke of Guise was with his royal master to the end. Theirs had been a tried and constant friendship, and the Duke felt his loss keenly. His and Antoinette's worldly prospects were also affected by it. Their "brilliant good fortune" seems to disappear in the tomb of Francis. It is true that Guise was one of the chief figures at the Coronation of Henry II., where he and his family arranged everything, but he soon afterwards retired to Joinville, leaving his sons to take his place in public life. Monsieur de Pimodan gives a charming account of the patriarchal life at Joinville, where the household numbered more than a hundred persons. Antoinette was an excellent mistress, and kept great order in her house, so that faults were very rarely committed, and "good conduct, sobriety, respect seemed to come naturally" to her dependents.

Her children were not allowed to forget their duties to others. One day the young Princes, in the course of some

hunting-party, no doubt, rode over a field of corn. This came to their mother's knowledge, and the next day at table there was no bread. To the exclamations and questions of her sons, she simply replied, "My children, we must economize the corn, as you destroy the future harvest!"

Guise seconded her in all her efforts for the spiritual welfare of their household and the poor. Whenever the Duke went out he gave large alms, and Antoinette and he took delight in giving dowries to poor girls and educating poor scholars. The Duchess and her "damoiselles" occupied themselves often in working for the poor. "In all things Antoinette had so accustomed herself to live in the presence of God," says Fornier, "that she saw God in all these things, and all these things in God."

Two years after the death of Francis I. Antoinette left Joinville to welcome to France her little grand-daughter, Mary of Scotland. She met her at Brest, and took her to the King, her future father-in-law, at St. Germain, paying a visit to her sister, the Abbess of Fontevrault, on the way. Though only six years old Mary "enchanted all hearts." "Our little Queen," writes Antoinette to her eldest son, "is in as good health as possible, and I assure you that she is the prettiest and best child of her age that you ever saw." Three days later in another letter to Francis, whom she urges to be merciful in his dealings with some Bordeaux rebels, she enlarges on the delightful topic of the little grandchild, who, she says, is *brunette*, and likely to be *belle fille*, for the complexion is beautiful, the skin white, the lower part of the face very pretty. "However," adds the grandmother, "the eyes are small and rather deeply set, and the face a little long," but the child is such as "to satisfy one." On October 12th, Antoinette presented her little Queen to Henry II., who, as we know, received her royally. From this time we find many references to the affection that united Antoinette and Mary. On June 3, 1550, the latter writes a little letter to her grandmother to announce the coming visit of her mother, Mary of Lorraine. "Madam, I am very glad to have the opportunity of sending you this to make known to you the joyful news I have received from the Queen my mother, who has promised me by letters dated the 29th April to see you and me here soon, which is the greatest happiness I could wish for in this world, and I am so happy about it that I can think of nothing but of doing my duty in everything, and am

studying to be very good in order to satisfy her wish of seeing me such as you and she desire. I beg you, madam, to increase my joy by coming here soon."¹ But Antoinette was unable to enjoy the happy meeting. The great sorrow of her life had befallen her, the death of her husband, and it was only a year later that the mother and daughter met at Joinville.

When the time came for Mary's marriage to the Dauphin, Antoinette was appointed by the Queen Mother of Scotland to replace her on the occasion, and Mary herself begged her grandmother to act officially for her in the Treaty of Marriage.

In the midst of the magnificent ceremonies of the wedding, Antoinette was "specially remarked," and she had of course her place at the royal supper served on the famous marble table. She was present also at the wonderful pageants which took place later in the evening, but as her biographer remarks, "Neither her age nor her rank permitted her to disappear as a goddess," and she returned quietly to the Hotel de Guise, then lately acquired by her children.

When Francis and Mary succeeded to the throne of France, the latter hastened to inscribe her grandmother's name at the head of her list of ladies, each of whom received eight hundred *livres*, a large sum for the times, and by a more unusual favour still, Mary bestowed upon Antoinette, in advance, the gift which was to be presented to her by the city of Paris on the occasion of her state entrance. But these happy days were of short duration, and Mary had soon to mourn, first the death of her mother, and then that of her young husband, and the last glimpse we have of her and Antoinette together is at Joinville in 1560, whither the old Duchess had fetched her from Nancy to recover from an attack of tertian fever. Soon afterwards they parted, never to meet again, and although Antoinette only died a few years before her grand-daughter, and we feel sure they must have kept up a correspondence, only one letter apparently survives—written by Queen Mary from Edinburgh, January 25th, 1564, in which she says that she is telling Rouillet (her secretary) to relate to her grandmother all her affairs in detail, begging her "to tell me your wishes about them, which I desire to follow more than those of any one in the world, having no one left to serve and obey but you, my good mother, who hold the place of my parents, paternal and maternal."

¹ Labanoff, v. p. 7. The letter is not in Mary's own hand except the signature, which shows signs of being traced in pencil for the youthful writer.

But we must return to the great sorrow that befell Antoinette in 1550, the death of her husband. In the March of that year the Duke's health rapidly grew worse, and the doctor's remedies were ineffectual to allay the symptoms which were by some attributed to poison, though of this there seems no definite evidence. Only Antoinette and their son René were with Claude when the illness increased. Francis, the eldest son, was taken ill at the same time, and there is a touching letter from Antoinette in which she implores him not to "hazard" his health by making the effort to come to Joinville. "May the good God help us, and give you health by His grace," she concludes, "and the patience for all that it pleases Him to permit. I desire to have it, but I cannot but suffer such sorrow that in truth I have as much as I can bear." Happily, Francis recovered in time to be with his parents before the end. The Duke met death as a Christian soldier. He confessed several times before receiving Holy Communion, "never thinking his soul pure enough to receive his Creator," and in the midst of his sufferings he had the Passion of our Lord read to him continually. At the very end, when Holy Communion was again brought to him, "he rose courageously from his bed, and finding strength in his devotion, threw himself on his knees." On April 12th the Duke died, and the regret for his loss seems to have been universal. Expressions of sympathy reached his widow and children from all parts, and from the King downwards. "I should not know how to speak of it, my dear one," writes Antoinette's sister-in-law to her, "if it were not that his praiseworthy and virtuous life makes us hope that he possesses eternal beatitude," and this thought was Antoinette's only consolation. Very interesting were the ceremonies observed for the lying in state and burial, of which Monsieur de Pimodan gives particulars. For eight days Masses were said in presence of the corpse, and the dead Duke was also served *à la royale* daily for the same period, and the food given to the poor with the request that they would pray for his soul. Antoinette determined to defer the funeral until all her sons could be present, and the body remained in the castle chapel till then, and was finally interred with great honour in a tomb prepared for Guise by his wife in the beginning of July. But however magnificent his last resting-place, Antoinette erected to his memory one much nobler in her own heart, says her historian. Her life in the future was to be devoted more than

ever to her children and the duties of her state, amidst the desolation that reigned at Joinville, while the poor dress of black woollen material which she wore habitually, marked her separation from the joys and pleasures of the world.

Our space forbids us to enter into the history of the troubled times in which Antoinette lived. The wars of religion were devastating France, and the Guises, ever true to their Faith, took no small share, as we know, in every event of importance. Antoinette, inclining to mercy in all things, suffered much no doubt from the cruelty then considered an indispensable part in the treatment of religious adversaries; but with her strong faith she did not draw back on occasion from what she, in common with her generation, considered the only method of dealing with what to them was of far greater importance than danger to life—danger to the souls confided to them.

We cannot linger either over the great sorrow that clouded Antoinette's later years, the assassination of her eldest son, the Duke of Guise.¹ The accounts of his heroic last moments are full of interest. After begging that his murderer should be pardoned, he added these words, "And you, whoever you may be, who are the cause (of my death) I should think myself ungrateful if I did not thank you, as it is by your means that I am so near to my God." His mother had set out at once to join him on hearing of the terrible news, but had the immense sorrow of arriving too late to see him alive.

In 1580 a fresh outbreak of war came to sadden the Duchess's last days. All round her indeed the outlook was mournful, and the thought of her favourite grandchild's long imprisonment in England must have added to her trial. At Joinville alone Antoinette found consolation in the religious and charitable foundations which owed their existence to the late Duke and herself. These were so numerous that, as her biographer says, the historian of the town itself can alone do justice to them. We will select the account of the Hospital of the Holy Cross, still standing, as an illustration of her very practical good sense and charity.

¹ On Shrove Tuesday, February 18, 1563, the Duke of Guise was assassinated near Orleans by Jean Poltrot Seign ur, of M r . The murderer was in the employment of Admiral de Coligny, to whom the crime was attributed by Guise's party. He, however, always denied it, and we, in the light of later evidence, are glad to believe that he was innocent of the crime.

It was founded conjointly by Antoinette and her son, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and was opened on December 13th, 1573. On the same day the "Rules and ordinances" for its "conduct and government" were published. It was intended for the servants and "subjects" of the Guise family, and was for all cases save a few chronic, or infectious, maladies then considered incurable. Before being brought to the hospital, or on their arrival, the patients were invited to make their confession. Then they were washed "as much as they could endure with a sponge dipped in warm water," and were given clean linen, a nightdress and slippers. On the following day they received Holy Communion and were invited to make their wills. Mass was said daily for the sick in one part of the long hall which contained the beds, and which was divided so as to form a chapel, and each evening there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Morning and evening the priest in charge for the day went from bed to bed, offering the sick holy water, and wishing them "good morning" and "good night." Now-a-days the hospital is served by the Nuns of St. Charles of Nancy, but in Antoinette's time there was a "Mistress," nurse, and four female assistants—widows or unmarried women. The medical staff consisted of a physician, a surgeon, and an apothecary. While the patients were in hospital, their clothes were "resewn, their shoes resoled, and their money placed in a safe place." If they recovered it was all given back to them, but if they died the poorer sick inherited it. Tradition tells us that Antoinette often visited the hospital, where she nursed the sick herself, "trying to snatch them from death; and, when she found her efforts unavailing, preparing them to die in the peace of religious hope."

The *bourgeois* ladies of Joinville were proud of belonging to the Confraternity of the Holy Cross, in whose hands was placed the management of the hospital, and the gentlemen of the town joined in the annual Procession of the Confraternity on Maundy Thursday, clad in the "cloak of black linen marked with a cross," each leading a poor man by the hand, chosen "according to their devotion," the ladies leading poor women.

Portraits of Antoinette and of several of the Guise family are still preserved at the hospital, and two beautiful enamels of "The Good Duchess" and her husband, formerly belonged to it, but these are now the property of the Musée de Cluny, which purchased them for 40,000 francs.

Among others, the parish church and the convents of Notre Dame de Pitié and of Ste. Ame owed their foundation or preservation and adornment to the generosity of Antoinette, nor were the material interests of Joinville forgotten, for it owes to her care the "Auditoire" or Hall of Justice and the markets, which still remain. Over these "Halles" was a large chamber in which "Comedies and Tragedies" were given for the recreation of the townsfolk, and the School or College established in 1561 also owed much to her support.

There is a letter extant from Antoinette to her grandson the Duc de Monpensier, dated Joinville, February 25th, 1581, which gives us a glimpse of her life in its decline. After sympathizing with him in some indisposition, she continues: "But when we think of ourselves we recognize that our old—nay, great age—causes these troubles and brings us these discomforts. We must praise God for them, which I am sure you do not omit to do. As for myself, monsieur, my son, as it pleases you to have news of me, I will tell you that up to now I find myself pretty well; it is true I am always weak, but I suffer from no other complaint. My children, the Duke and Cardinal of Guise are with me, which I much enjoy." The letter is signed "(de la main d'Antoinette) votre humble et bonne grant mère Antoinette de Bourbon." Two years later, early in 1583, Antoinette was seized with her last illness. On January 13th she was unable to rise; at first it was thought to be only a severe cold, but the illness rapidly increased, and developed into "constant fever" and terrible attacks of cough, so that she was soon perceived to be in great danger. On the 16th Antoinette's only surviving daughter Renée, Abbess of St. Pierre, sent word to all the family, and several of the Duchess's sons and grandchildren had time to gather around her. They wished to embrace her for the last time, but Antoinette, humble to the end and with all her thoughts turned to Heaven, replied, "Alas, my children, do not kiss this earth and ashes which will soon perish—for what am I but dry and arid earth." In the night between January 22nd and 23rd the "Mother of the Guises" breathed her last, and according to her expressed desire was buried quite simply beside her husband. We may say of her however, as was said of her grand-daughter, Mary of Scotland, that her best monument was in the hearts of her people.

The Lone Little Island.

I STOOD alone on the shore of the diminutive lake. The American tourists who had driven up with me from Macroom had clambered back on to the coach, and were now well on their way to Glengariff. They had wished me a most sympathetic good-bye when they left me behind in "lone Gougane Barra," yet, gazing at the scene before me, brilliant in the hot summer sunshine, I felt I was by no means to be pitied. The sparkling waters of the lake were blue as the sky above, and the ceaseless ripple of the tiny waves as they washed against the stones sounded delightfully soothing to ears accustomed to the roar of a great city. All round rose the green, rocky hills, lowest to the east, where the road wound over them to Inchigeela; while to the south-west was the opening of the dark and narrow Valley-Desmond, shut in by bold, rugged mountains. In the middle of the lake lay the Holy Island, its clump of trees mirrored in the clear water. The air was soft, yet fresh, fragrant with flowers and all kinds of sweet-smelling plants. "One of the most isolated corners of Ireland—no one of a melancholy temperament should come here," I heard a lady motorist remark to her *chauffeur* one day; but seen thus for the first time, this lovely and romantic spot looked not so much isolated as peaceful—peaceful, cheerful even! It was only when night fell, when the shadows crept over the rocks, and the wind rose and moaned among the fir-trees, and the mist settled shroud-like on the tops of the hills, shutting the valley off from the world beyond, that the little island was lone indeed!

Callanan's verses, together with the recommendation of an Irish friend treasured through twelve long months of town life, had brought me to Gougane. Poor Callanan! The place of his resurrection was destined to be far from "deep-vallied Desmond," where doubtless he would have wished to be laid to rest. Did he not write:—

Oh, where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island!

As it is, he sleeps in distant Lisbon, where he died at the early age of thirty-four; but on a grassy bank overlooking the lake, a simple Irish cross (on which are carved the symbolical quill and lyre and ivy-leaves) has been raised in memory of "the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping for ever."

Gougane Barra, that is "Barra's lone retreat," owes its name to St. Finn Barr, the founder and patron of Cork. Here, in the sixth century, Finn Barr, that wonder-worker and lover of peace, built a hermitage, stones of which remain to this day. Here he prayed and fasted and taught the scholars who gathered round him; and when, as the legend runs, he went eastward, directed by an angel, to found a city at the mouth of the river Lee, there were not wanting hermits to take his place. Indeed, as late as the seventeenth century, an old priest, Father Denis O'Mahoney, lived on the island, and his tomb, at which the country people often pray, is but a few yards from Callanan's monument.

A very short dyke connects the island with the mainland. Brushing past the luxuriant holly-trees of an exquisitely tender green (and fitting it is that the "holy bush" should flourish here!) one comes upon a stone tablet informing the pilgrim that "This place of devotion was dedicated unto Almighty God, to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and unto Saint Finn Barry, in the seventeenth century of our Lord by the Rev. Denis O'Mahoney, who after the erecting of these buildings made them his residence till the end of his religious days in this world." It also sets forth that "It is said and probable, that Saint Finn Barry in his Sanctimony has had recourse to this place, from whom it derived the name Gaggan Barry," and it ends with directions as to how the Devotion of the Rounds should be performed on the vigils of the feasts of St. Finn Barr and of St. John the Baptist.

Rising from a perusal of this tablet on the first day of my sojourn at Gougane, I found myself confronted by a tattered, wild-looking old man, who appeared to be menacing me with a formidable club. I soon discovered that he meant no violence, but was only brandishing a bog-oak stick for sale, and at the same time endeavouring to draw my attention to a notice above my head:—

Visitors are requested to respect this sacred place, and are forbidden to take luncheon within the enclosure.

Good old friend! His attitude changed when he found I had

not come to mock, and he took infinite trouble to give me all the information he possessed, talking loudly and painfully as if I were deaf in response to my oft-repeated, "Slowly, slowly!" In truth the "Captain," as he is called, speaks a jargon of Gaelic and English by no means easy to follow. "I wish I could stop here a month, old fellow," an American told him once, "and then you and I might have a chance of getting to understand one another."

The shrine itself is a square, grassy enclosure surrounded by a high wall in which are constructed eight stone cells, or chapels as they are termed, each sacred to the memory of some particular saint. The connecting masonry is of course modern, but the stones of the cells themselves date back to St. Finn Barr's time. In every corner and crevice grows the black-stemmed spleenwort, and here and there a magnificent foxglove springs straight from the wall. Over the cells the piety of the parish priest of Inchigeela has placed the Stations of the Cross—those exposed to the fierce storms from the south-west being already somewhat dilapidated. In the centre of the enclosure is a large wooden cross with an inscription in Latin, Gaelic, and English:

HERE STOOD IN THE SIXTH CENTURY THE
CELL OF ST. FINNBARR, FIRST BISHOP OF CORK.

On the steps at the foot of this cross, the country people commence their "Rounds" on the eve of St. Finn Barr's Feast. But even on an ordinary Sunday, at any rate during the summer months, the Saint does not lack votaries. Early in the morning the ringing of the bell in the tallest tree on the island announces to all within hearing that Mass is about to be said in the little oratory erected a few years back by an anonymous donor, and modelled on that of Cormac on the Rock of Cashel. The peasants flock from miles round—bare-legged children, women wrapped in their best shawls, men, poor and rough-looking it is true, yet with a certain dignity and refinement of their own. They are singularly free from vulgarity, these Celts.

On my last Sunday afternoon in Gougane I was fortunate enough to fall in with two charming golden-haired maidens, with the frankest, tenderest blue eyes in the world, who readily undertook to explain the intricacies of the place. They pointed out to me an ancient tree-stump propped up against the wall outside the enclosure, near the altar-stone of Father O'Mahoney's

ruined chapel. Innumerable hairpins were sticking in it, rusted by the damp; and on the stone itself I found more hairpins, a stray halfpenny (which must have proved a sore temptation one would think to many a ragged urchin!) together with matches, buttons, and a bit of string. Croker, writing a hundred years ago in his *Researches*, spoke of the rags and bandages left at the Shrine by those whose faith had made them whole; but I must say that I regarded these peculiar *ex-votos* of the present day with unfeigned astonishment, until the elder of my guides came to my relief. "We leave something just to show we've been," she explained. (God knows they have little enough to leave, most of them!) In any case, a hairpin is an appropriate memento for St. Finn Barr's Shrine. "Finn an barr,"—"fair is the hair," said the priest who gave the beautiful gifted youth the tonsure, and Finn Barr he has remained to this day. It may be, too, that the first person to stick a hairpin in the trunk was a blind girl who was restored to sight here many years ago. She is said to have dreamed of a tree from which oozed a miraculous gum. From her graphic description of the place her friends recognized Gougane Barra, and lost no time in transporting her thither, and in anointing her eyes with the liquid. She recovered her sight on the spot. I will not vouch for the truth of this tale as I had not time to investigate it, but there are still old people left who declare they remember the girl.

On the grass lay a notched stick, one of those occasionally used by the peasantry instead of a rosary to count the prayers necessary to perform the "Rounds" correctly. I opined that it must be difficult to keep one's attention so long, but was cheerfully reminded that I had only to do my best. "And when you come and pray here," I inquired, "do you generally get what you ask?" The blue eyes flashed reproachfully: "Sure, we're not always asking and wanting," was the answer; "it's for the glory of God and in honour of St. Finn Barr we often pray."

I think if St. Finn Barr heard those words they must have rejoiced his heart.

I parted from my courteous guides at the Holy Well, which looks to be nothing more than a tiny square of the lake walled in and roofed over, though it is possible there may be a spring beneath it. Here I was directed to wash my face and hands, and further informed that, to be quite in order, I must

drink three times from a little stream that flowed down the mountain-side. The origin of this last custom I could not discover.

Left alone, I sat long that evening in the deserted Shrine—sat there until night fell, cold and desolate. Over my head, the leaves of the ash-tree, emblem of durability, which had sprung up by the side of the Cross, rustled in the wind. Here, in this lonely spot among the mountains, where even the twitter of a bird rarely breaks in upon the silence, the Supernatural seemed very real and near. An atmosphere of prayer pervaded the place. It was as if the very stones were impregnated with the unceasing, simple, child-like petitions of over thirteen centuries.

Stumbling out of the darkness into the homely inn kitchen with its glowing peat-fire, I came upon a pleasant picture. One of the workmen engaged in repairing the island had just undressed the landlord's little son, and was rocking him to sleep in his arms. The fretful child nestled up to the great rough fellow with contented confidence; in his tiny hand he clasped a treasure—his big playmate's old clay pipe.

Just as I was dozing off to sleep that night, I was roused by a hearty burst of laughter from the room beneath, where the genial priest resident there for the summer months (a man who had travelled far and spoke six languages) was giving a lesson in Gaelic to the farm-hands. Gaelic has not long been taught in the schools, and the older generation, though they speak it well, I am told, can neither read nor write it.

Perhaps some day Gougane Barra will be better known, and visitors will flock to the cosy inn with its rooms of varnished wood that have been added to the original cottage structure. An attempt was made last year to start a Gaelic Summer School there. Already the coaches from Glengarriff and Macroom come up every day, ostensibly for tourists to visit the Shrine, but principally I think to eat the excellent hot luncheon provided by the kindly, honest, and industrious landlady. For a couple of hours the stillness is broken by the chatter and laughter of American and British tourists, then all is silent again—a silence, however, which has nothing sinister in it.

The rain was descending in sheets the day I left Gougane. "No, no, it was all a pleasure," protested the little inn-servant, as I tried to press a coin into her hand; then, on my insisting—"But it's too much! Half, please." This was no unique

experience in Ireland, where, more than elsewhere perhaps, there are people to be found willing to do "all for love and nothing for reward." We drove past the tumbledown cabin with the pig sitting in the doorway where only the night before I had taken part in a jovial family gathering—a very happy and hilarious tea-party that came as near social perfection as possible, nothing being wanting beyond, perhaps, a little more to eat, and an uncracked cup or two. A few hours, and nothing would be left to me of the world I was leaving except the spleenwort I had plucked in St. Finn Barr's Shrine and the faint odour of peat-smoke that still hung about my clothes; and I questioned much if the money-making world to which I was returning was not, after all, one of lower ideals and narrower interests.

Before we reached Inchigeela, the rain cleared off, and a most ravishing scene opened out to view—a stretch of green, green country, blue and purple hills with sunlight and shadow chasing each other across them, here a fairy lake, there a clump of dark fir-trees. It is emphatically a *fairy* landscape, with something unearthly and pathetic about its beauty. No wonder that the Leprechauns and kindred beings are so loth to quit their lurking-places in the hills and hollows of this "Land of Heart's Desire!"

Yet I turned my eyes from the scene before me with all its marvellous delicacy of colouring, towards the dark and gloomy rocks which encircled Gougane Barra, on which the storm-clouds still rested.

Oh, Finn Barr, Saint of the Beautiful Hair, how well you have known how to watch over your children! Still, after all these centuries, the murmur of the ancient prayers is heard around your Shrine. If the *Sassenach* may claim a share in your intercession, I would ask that in the opening age of prosperity for Ireland, her people may not barter for mere worldly comfort their simple and sincere courtesy, their generosity and tender-heartedness, their unparalleled purity of mind.

E. M. WALKER.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The Musical System of St. Gregory the Great.

AT a time when the attention of the Catholic world has everywhere been directed to the question of musical reform, it may be worth while to recall the memory of a Papal letter of early date and unique interest which has only been brought to light in our own times. The discovery and publication of this noteworthy document was originally due to Mr. Edmund Bishop, a Catholic liturgical scholar, as our readers will hardly need to be told, of European reputation; and it is a manuscript at the British Museum¹ which has preserved to us the only known copy of the text. The letter must have been written between the years 851 and 854. The writer was Pope St. Leo IV., the same Pontiff, it may be remembered, who was the friend of King Ethelwulf, and who conferred regal unction upon his little son Alfred, illustrious in our annals as Alfred the Great. Be it noted also that Pope St. Leo had been brought up in the Monastery of St. Martin beside the Vatican, the same monastery whose Abbot, John, then also archcantor of St. Peter's, had been sent to England two centuries earlier to teach the English the correct tradition of ecclesiastical music and psalmody.² The Abbot Honoratus to whom the letter is addressed may not improbably have been the Abbot of Farfa, a monastery near Rome.³

To the Abbot Honoratus.

A quite incredible story has reached our ears, which, if it be true, must rather prejudice than do us honour, must in fact rather overshadow than shed lustre upon the consideration in which we are held. It is averred that you have such an aversion for the sweet chant of St. Gregory and the system of singing and reading which he drew up and bequeathed to the Church, that you are at variance in this matter, not only with

¹ Add. 8873, fol. 168.

² See Bede, *Historia Ecclesiastica*, iv. 16.

³ This suggestion is made by Dom G. Morin in the *Revue Bénédictine*, 1890.

this See, which is so near you, but also with almost every church in the West, and in fact with all those who use the Latin tongue to pay to the King of Heaven their tribute of praise and song. All these churches have received with such eagerness and such devoted affection the aforesaid system (*traditio*) of Gregory, that although we have communicated the whole to them, they are so delighted that they leave us no peace with their inquiries about it, thinking that there must be more of the same remaining still with us. It was indeed the holy Pope Gregory, that great servant of God, the renowned preacher and wise pastor, who both devoted his best energies to the salvation of souls, and who also with great labour and much musical skill composed this chant which we sing in the church and even elsewhere. It was his desire to rouse and touch the hearts of men, so that by the sound of these highly elaborated strains (*artificiosæ modulationis sonitu*) he might draw to church not only ecclesiastics but also those who were uneducated and hard to move (*rudēs et duros animos*).

I beg of you not to allow yourself to remain in opposition to this Church, the supreme head of religion, or to the other churches mentioned, if you desire to live in entire peace and harmony with the universal Church of God. For if, which we cannot believe, you have such an aversion for Our teaching and the system (*traditio*) of our holy Pontiff (Gregory), that you will not conform in every point to our rite whether in the chanting or in the lessons (*ut non per cuncta in cantilenis et lectionibus ritum nostrum sequamini*), know that we shall reject you from our communion; since it becomes you to follow the wholesome practice which the Roman Church, the Mother of all and your Mistress, does not disdain but has eagerly embraced and steadfastly adheres to. Wherefore we command you under threat of excommunication that in chanting and reading in church you follow no other system than that which Pope St. Gregory bequeathed to us and which we hold fast, and that with your whole energy you adopt it and practise it unswervingly. For if, which we cannot believe, any one were to attempt in any manner whatever to make you turn aside from the right path by pressing on you any other system than that which we prescribe for you and your successors, not only do we ordain that he is to be excluded from participation in the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, but in our own name and that of our predecessors we decree that he shall remain under a perpetual anathema in punishment of his presumption and audacity.¹

This document may safely be left to tell its own story. We will only call attention to the noteworthy statement that as compared with the rude music of those days or with the chant

¹ The Text is in the *Neues Archiv* (vol. v. p. 389), where it was published by P. Ewald from Mr. Edmund Bishop's transcript. It has also been printed by Dom Morin in the article above referred to. A summary may be found in Jaffe-Wattenbach, *Regesta*, n. 2651.

which had preceded it, the system of St. Gregory was ornate (*artificiosa*), and had been invented by its author in the hope of attracting to the church not the educated or æsthetic but the dull and irreligious. Whether such *rudes et duri animi* are now-a-days more likely to be drawn to High Mass by the Gregorian Chant than by the music which at present prevails, we leave to the decision of those who are wiser and more experienced than ourselves.

H. T.

The Parody of Science.

In no direction has modern science done better work than in teaching men to attach to the words they use a precise and definite signification, and not to cloak ignorance under a delusive show of knowledge by means of such mere phrases as, "Nature abhors a vacuum," or "Every substance tends naturally to its own sphere."

But while it is true that those who study science seriously learn to ask themselves exactly what is meant by the language they employ, there is not a little danger lest with others who value her not for her own sake, but as a stalking-horse under cover of which they may better shoot their arrows against religion, the very opposite should result. Technical terminology, of any sort, as being not a natural growth, but an artificial production, inevitably lends itself to abuse. Words the meaning of which has to be thought out, according to their derivation from a foreign tongue, easily come to be used recklessly, and accepted carelessly, as though because learned men have devised them, they are bound to convey information by whomsoever and however they may be used. Thus a habit is engendered—the very reverse of the scientific—and it comes to be thought that a specious-looking phrase is alone required in order to make a solid contribution to knowledge.

Examples are plentiful as blackberries. We may appropriately begin with the word "Science" itself, which is a prime favourite with such writers. What does "Science" mean? According to Dr. Johnson it is "Knowledge; certainty grounded on demonstration,"—a very good definition. Since Johnson's day, however, the term has come to be attached to Knowledge

of one particular kind, namely, that acquired by means of our senses,—or Physical Science;—while, on the other hand, it has been extended to the method adopted by those who pursue this branch of inquiry. Thus, when we speak of the present state of science, we mean the sum of knowledge obtained up to the actual moment, by study of sensible phenomena. When it is said that science trains the mind or strengthens the character, it is meant that those who devote themselves to observation and experiment learn to cultivate a love of truth for its own sake, and never to make statements which they cannot substantiate by satisfactory proof.

Such a meaning is, however, far too restricted for the purposes of the anti-religious school. If they had to confine themselves to what is known, and to what they have evidence to back, they could have nothing to adduce which could suit their purpose. Accordingly they use the name of "Science" as a kind of magic spell, which can make things before it discovers them, and can thus confer substantial value upon the imaginings of those who invoke its aid. Mr. M'Cabe, for example, in his recently published vindication of Professor Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*, argues thus against the idea that God or any First Cause is needed to account for the phenomena of the world:¹

Some day science will be able to trace a set of forces working for ages at the construction of a solar system, or at the making of an eye.

There can be little doubt that to many of his readers such a pronouncement will seem impressive and convincing, and they will fancy that Science somehow guarantees the truth of what we are told she is going at some future time to discover. It is obvious, however, that Science will never discover natural forces capable of doing such work, unless these forces exist,—which is the whole question at issue;—and that they *do* exist, and thus can be discovered, we have no evidence except that such is Mr. M'Cabe's opinion. And since, confessedly, they have not yet been "traced out," how can he possibly know anything about them? And how can his prophecy as to what Science is destined one day to accomplish, be anything but flagrantly unscientific, inasmuch as he speaks confidently of a matter concerning which he cannot possibly have evidence? So far as

¹ P. 73.

our present discoveries go, science is just as likely to discover such a force as are our balloonists to reach the moon.

So again, Mr. McCabe thus expresses himself on the same theme:¹

There is no proof whatever that the machine [of the Universe] ever began to exist at all. As far as we can see, it has eternally possessed those forces and properties with which we have agreed to credit it, and has been eternally evolving them.

"As far as we can see." Yes, but how far is that? We can see into eternity about as far as into a milestone. Even upon our own side of the frontier line, how very little can we claim as *known*. And as Professor Tait warns us, "That of which there is no knowledge, is not yet part of Science." Moreover, men of science who may be presumed to see furthest, and can be suspected of no theological prejudice to warp their judgment, are far from lending any countenance to such facile modes of arguing. Thus Professor Huxley declares that astronomy introduces us to phenomena the very nature of which shows that they must have had a beginning and must likewise have an end. Mr. McCabe's utterance serves only to show that he does not see even so far as did Professor Huxley. Yet, here again, a bold pronouncement on a subject concerning which he cannot possibly have evidence, will doubtless be taken by some for a scientific proof.

It would likewise be interesting to know what is meant by speaking of the universe as possessing and evolving forces and properties, with which, as at the same time it seems to be implied, we have merely "agreed to credit it." Is it really intended that if we agree to credit the world with eternal duration and energy, it therefore becomes eternal? And, if not this, then what?

And this is the sort of thing which every effort is being made to represent as "Science," and as a salutary instrument for the elevation of mankind.

J. G.

¹ P. 77.

Reviews.

I.—THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, 1800—1900.¹

THE volume before us has a particular interest, treating, as it does, of subjects that touch our closest and most vital interests as children of the Catholic Church. Its author is Father James Forbes; the volume is, in fact, a reprint of the Conferences delivered by him in different churches in Paris, before the evil day when M. Combes' good pleasure closed the lips of the French members of the Society of Jesus.

Father Forbes has thoroughly explored his subject, his statements are backed by statistics, his style is clear and forcible, and the portion of his book that relates to our own country is suggestive of comforting and grateful thoughts. The chapter where he treats of the condition of the Church in France is more gloomy, but full of sound views and practical sense; it will prove useful reading to those English Catholics—and they are many—to whom the complexities of the religious question in France are a source of wonder as well as of sadness.

In an interesting Preface, the author draws a striking parallel between the condition of the Catholic Church throughout the world in 1800 and in 1900; whatever may be the evils of our own day, the comparison is undoubtedly to the advantage of the nineteenth century.

As Father Forbes points out, the Catholic countries of Europe: France, Austria, Spain and Italy, were, a hundred years ago, a prey to the evil teaching of the Jansenists and of the freethinking philosophers. Voltaire, Rousseau, Joseph II., Diderot, and other sceptics too numerous to mention, were the leaders and prophets whose baneful influence, slowly but surely, undermined the power of the Church among the nations who officially belonged to her.

¹ *L'Eglise catholique au 19^e Siecle, 1800—1900.* Par James Forbes, Prêtre. Paris: Lethielleux Editeur, 10, Rue Cassette, 1903.

In the Protestant kingdoms the Catholics, although no longer persecuted, were ignored, and the silent contempt with which they were treated was perhaps a more dangerous form of trial than the bloody persecutions of past times.

With the nineteenth century came a most happy change; in the Catholic countries, after the political tempests that marked the beginning of the century, religious discipline and religious spirit revived, and charitable institutions of all kinds developed under the fostering care of the Church.

In Protestant lands the fetters that impeded the Church's progress gradually fell from her, and the words of that great Catholic philosopher, Joseph de Maistre, were realized in a marvellous degree. A hundred years ago, he foresaw the influence the Anglo-Saxon race would exercise on religious matters, and, viewed by the light of subsequent events, his words have a prophetic ring. Yet when he wrote them, the condition of Catholics in England was precarious enough, and there were few outward signs to tell of the intense vitality concealed below the surface, a vitality that needed only a breath of freedom to expand and bring forth a plentiful harvest.

After a general view of the progress of Catholicity throughout the civilized world, the author enters into his subject more fully, and in the five succeeding chapters he makes a careful study of the achievements of the Church in Germany, in the United States, in England, and in France during the last hundred years, from 1800 to 1900.

Each one of these chapters has its peculiar interest, but to Englishmen the oft-told tale of the Oxford movement will no doubt appeal in a special manner. The author tells his story clearly and well; we remember that he is addressing a French audience, to whom the details of the movement were probably unknown, and we rejoice that an event so momentous in our religious history, should be presented to our brethren across the Channel in language so comprehensive and so earnest.

Fascinating as the story of Newman's conversion must ever be to English Catholics, they will find in the chapter that treats of Catholicism in France more novel and untrodden ground. Father Forbes, at the outset, asks the question that so many Englishmen ask themselves: If there are in France 37,000,000 Catholics, how is it that 25,000 Freemasons can trample them under foot?

The answer is a complex one, but any reader who makes a careful study of this chapter of a most interesting book, must needs gather a few clear notions of the real state of things across the Channel.

Father Forbes does not attempt to minimize the good and glorious conquests of religion in France during the past hundred years, neither does he ignore the unmistakeable progress that is, even now, taking place in intellectual circles. The religious evolution of men like Brunetière, Coppée, and others, is a symptom to be rejoiced at; but alas, there is another side to the picture!

There is no doubt that among the lower orders religion is dying out, and in support of this view, our author brings forward statistics that are truly alarming. In certain quarters of Paris sixty-five per cent. of the children born every year are not baptized; yet the Paris clergy is hard-working and zealous, but the population of each parish is enormous, and on a total of 100,000 parishioners, the priests come into direct contact with from 15 to 20,000 only; the rest are born, live, and die outside the Church.

It is much the same in the provinces; at Limoges there are, it seems, 10,000 persons who are not baptized; in other towns, out of 10,000 men, only 100 go to their Easter duties. In the parish of St. Sernin at Toulouse, there are 5,000 men who vote, barely 600 are practical Catholics.

After pointing out the evil, an evil that the suppression of religious schools must needs increase, Father Forbes proceeds to explain what, to his mind, is the remedy. His views are based upon his personal experience, and are full of sound sense. It would carry us too far to enter into the subject as fully as it deserves; but our author's ambition for France may be summed up in one word: he exhorts the Catholics whose intellectual development, fortune, and position gives them influence, be they priests or laymen, to devote their attention to the working men. He advocates the establishment of technical schools, of syndicates, of all the institutions that band the working men together under wise control. The social question is at present closely interwoven with the religious question, and, by resolutely grappling with the first in a spirit of justice and charity, the Catholics will help to solve the second.

Addressing himself to his fellow-priests, the author urges

them to preach above all to the *men* of their congregation ; it is they who need it most ; but in order to exercise a really useful influence, the priest must keep abreast of modern methods and trains of thought. He must be the working man's friend and counsellor in practical as well as in religious matters ; hence the necessity of giving young priests an efficient training before sending them out to battle with evil.

These are only a few of the ideas that are shed broadcast through this volume. Father Forbes, after emphatically expressing his conviction that it is the *men* of France, the *working* men especially, who need conversion, appeals to the Catholics to lay aside their prejudices and their quarrels, in favour of so good a cause.

His words have a less practical meaning for English readers than for the French audience to whom they were spoken ; nevertheless, they cannot fail to interest those who are anxiously watching, in a spirit of Christian brotherhood, the religious crisis across the Channel.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

2.—OUR BROTHERHOOD IN CHRIST.¹

Mr. Joseph Thorp's two papers, now reprinted under the title of *Our Brotherhood in Christ*, appeared quite recently in the *Guardian*. Some of our readers may, therefore, have seen them already, and yet will be glad to have them in a separate form, for the plea which they urge is one which we should do well to impress deeply on our memories. We who form Christendom are torn with religious schisms and dissensions ; and what is so sad, yet under another aspect so consoling, is that we are thus divided in our creed and worship just because in a higher sense "we mean the same," in other words, because we conceive differently of the truth of God, "and are too faithful to sink our differences in a faithless compromise." But while thus faithful to our convictions, is it necessary, asks the writer, that we should be so unready to believe in the sincerity of those who differ from us ? And would it not be better, instead of over-accentuating our points of antagonism, to seek out rather

¹ *Our Brotherhood in Christ. A Plea for Mutual Understanding.* By a Roman Catholic. Reprinted from the *Guardian*. Price 2d.

our points of agreement, striving to discover in one another's tenets that element of truth which alone imparts persuasiveness to error of whatever kind, and for this purpose consenting to cultivate a closer personal intercourse than present prejudices seem to permit of? And might we not further "all pray together, and of set purpose, that what is pure, what is sincere in all beliefs other than our own may ripen to a more perfect fulfilment under the fostering hand of God;" and may not this strong prayer be, "if possible, explicitly inspired or recognized by the various authorities"? One might take exception to the plea contained in this last-quoted clause, lest the words should be construed as overlooking the grounds on which the A.P.U.C. was condemned in the days of Cardinal Wiseman, and yet even here what the writer really means is perfectly defensible and expedient. With the rest of what is in the two papers we are cordially in sympathy. We doubt indeed whether, on the Catholic side and increasingly also on the non-Catholic side, matters are in quite so deplorable a condition as Mr. Thorp imagines. An excited controversialist, stung, it may be, by some biting misrepresentation of his beliefs, may occasionally forget himself and, making insufficient allowance for the effects of a misconception inherited through so many generations, write in a deplorably harsh tone, and in his own corresponding ignorance sadly misrepresent the beliefs or actions of his opponents. But, speaking generally, the Catholics of this country are on friendly terms with their neighbours and have a proper appreciation of their religious sincerity. Still if there is a bit of exaggeration here it is on the right side, for when one makes overtures for reconciliation it is better to take too much blame on oneself than to impute too much, *à la* Teazle, to the other side. Nor is it ever amiss for us Catholics to remind ourselves of the infinite harm done when we forget that, if our religion teaches us to be firm and uncompromising in our faith, it teaches us also to show brotherly love to all men, especially to those whom no insincerity of motive but only the inevitable consequence of a long-standing separation have, as we must believe, been led into misrepresenting us so seriously.

3.—HARNACK AND LOISY.¹

The tract before us, entitled *Harnack and Loisy*, to which Lord Halifax writes an Introductory Letter, was read as a paper "before certain members of the University of Oxford, on Friday, November 27, 1903," and represents the interest taken by members of the Anglican communion in the Abbé Loisy's theories and his present position in regard to the Roman authorities. It is an intelligible interest for those who feel with Lord Halifax that the Roman Church "by its witness to the truths enshrined in the Creeds and the sacramental teaching of East and West alike," "is the strongest support of the essentials of Christianity;" still both Lord Halifax and Mr. Lacey regret that a Church whose action is of such consequence to the entire Christian world should resort to exercises of authority, which in their estimation by impeding the free course of scientific investigation must eventually compromise the cause we all have at heart. But it should not be forgotten that whatever support to Christianity the Roman Church has been enabled to render has been derived from the resoluteness with which she resists all endeavours to transform the essential character of her traditional doctrines; in other words, by her persistent practice of repudiating and condemning such attempted transformations whenever they attain sufficient notoriety. Just as, to view the matter from an opposite standpoint, in communions which never intervene by authority to stay the divergences of individualistic theorizing, the course of their history is ever a course of progressive disintegration of their original creeds.

It is not without pain that we refer to what has lately happened in regard to M. Loisy. The times are past when to have propounded a novelty in theology or exegesis could be taken straight off as evidence of a mind fond of extravagances. The more searching processes of modern investigation have revealed difficulties not previously suspected, the seriousness of which can hardly be overstated. A mental necessity, quickened by zeal for the faith, impels any thoughtful Catholic student to labour for a reconciliation between the old and the new, and if such a student at times oversteps the mark, and broaches a theory which the Holy See finds it necessary to condemn, that

¹ *Harnack and Loisy*. By the Rev. T. A. Lacey, M.A. With an Introductory Letter by the Right Hon. Viscount Halifax. London: Longmans, 1903. 1s.

is not a reason why we should withdraw all our sympathy from the man, or forget the good object he had in view.

At the same time, if the Holy See has felt obliged to take this step, it is not difficult to understand why it could not do otherwise. To take one point only, though the chief. Mr. Lacey rightly sums up the gist of M. Loisy's theory, as it is set forth especially in his last two volumes, as based on the distinction between a static and a dynamic conception—the terms are Mr. Lacey's own—of the personality of our Lord. Queen Elizabeth, he says, was "regarded from one point of view, a schismatical woman, intensely selfish, cynically splendid and of doubtful morality," but from another point of view "she is a dynamic personality, gathering up the forces of her time into an impulse which is not yet exhausted." "So too regarded statically Julius Cæsar is not even the founder of the Roman principate: it would be a gross blunder to attribute to him the political ideas of the fourth century. Regarded dynamically, Julius is already Diocletian, even to the diadem." And so, he suggests, we must distinguish with the Abbé Loisy between Jesus Christ considered statically in His "*physionomie historique*," in other words, as He appeared to His contemporaries—and to Himself; and Jesus Christ viewed dynamically, as the Church, aided by the successive trials to which its faith has been subjected in the course of history, eventually learnt to regard Him. True, one may make this distinction, but not with the same fulness as in such cases as Cæsar or Elizabeth. It is of little consequence to us that these two personages had no realization of the character and destined outcome of the forces they set in motion. But if, as M. Loisy contends, the *physionomie historique* of Jesus of Nazareth was such that He had no consciousness of the true character of His relationship to His Heavenly Father, or of the work that He had been sent to do on earth, of the Redemption He was to accomplish through His Death and Resurrection, of the sacraments He was to institute, of the Church He was to found—then, even dynamically viewed, He becomes a very different person from what the hearts of Christian men have taken Him to be. On that supposition the words ascribed to Him in the Gospels, even those which M. Loisy allows to be genuine, must now change their character for us and lose their unique power over human hearts. Indeed on that supposition we seem to be left with hardly more than a Christianity without Christ. Nor, as P. Rose and Mgr. Battifol

have shown us by an application of the historical method—not less sound, we venture to think, than M. Loisy's—are there critical grounds for ascribing to our Lord a *physionomie historique* so unlike what the Church has hitherto believed in.

4.—STUDIES ON THE GOSPELS.¹

Père Rose's *Etudes sur les Evangiles* was reviewed in these pages at the time of its publication, but an English translation has now been brought out by Mgr. Fraser, and in view of the great use of which it is calculated to be, we may go beyond the few words necessary to announce its appearance and remind our readers of its special character. "What think ye of Christ?" is still the crucial question which every earnest man must consider and answer for himself, yet the difficulty of the task is in these days seriously increased by the doubts raised as to the authority of the Gospel records, and the true nature of their presentation. What gives a value to these *Studies on the Gospels* is that the author addresses himself to this modern situation, and by a competent application of the historical method assists not merely the student but any one who has received a liberal education, to judge for himself how our Lord presented Himself to the world. The book, like M. Loisy's *Les Evangiles et l'Eglise*, was occasioned by the publication of Harnack's *Das Wesen des Christenthums*, but P. Rose differs essentially from M. Loisy in the conclusions at which he arrives. The first chapter is on the Fourfold Gospel, and in this is examined M. Harnack's well-known theory of the mode in which these four documents succeeded, mainly through the impressiveness of their titles, in dispossessing certain previous local Gospels, the bare existence of which as such has to be established by inference rather than direct testimony. P. Rose lays stress on Harnack's omission to take into account the highly organized condition of the Church at the date to which this process of dispossession is ascribed. Next comes a chapter on the Kingdom of God, in which is examined the

¹ *Studies on the Gospels.* By Vincent Rose, O.P. Authorized English Translation. By Robert Fraser, D.D., Domestic Prelate of His Holiness Pius X. London: Longmans, 1903.

theory that in our Lord's own preaching the coming of the Kingdom was to be at the end of the world—an event He supposed to be close at hand. Then, after a chapter on the sense in which our Lord may be said to have first revealed the Fatherhood of God, come the two most important chapters of all, which discuss His teaching concerning His own person, and the sense in which he called Himself Son of Man and Son of God. It has been suggested that in the Synoptic Gospels the term Son of God means always the Messiah, and that our Lord is not there exhibited as having ever claimed to be truly God or ever been recognized as such. P. Rose acknowledges that the term Son of God had, under the influence of the Old Testament and later Jewish speculation, come to be used as the special designation of the Messiah, and from this antecedent condition, taken together with the exegetic relation in which this term and the term Christ are so constantly placed in these Gospels, he gathers that our Lord accepted the designation in this sense, which was all that it perhaps meant to the Apostles and others up to the time of the Resurrection; but that He was gradually leading them on to perceive the deeper truth, and to realize that He was not the Son of God because He was the Messiah, but the Messiah because He was the Son of God. P. Rose lays stress particularly on the Parable of the Vineyard, as showing that our Lord there puts Himself before His hearers distinctly as the natural son of God; he reminds us, too, of what the critics seem sometimes to forget, namely, that St. Paul's Epistles, in which the preaching of the Divinity of the Redeemer is too patent, were written and gave expression to the faith of the Church for some time previously to the composition of the Synoptic Gospels.

Other interesting chapters in this volume are on the Atonement and Resurrection. The translation is on the whole well done, though it is not free from defects, but there is one most unfortunate omission which it is difficult to account for. In the original there is an excellent *Index raisonné* which enables one to take in at once the whole line of argument of the book. In the translation this is omitted, and a very jejune table of contents takes its place.

5.—THE PRINCIPLES OF MORAL SCIENCE.¹

This is an Essay written in defence of the traditional teaching of our Catholic schools of theology and philosophy; but the author claims to differ, in some important points, from the received doctrine on Human Acts, Laws, and Conscience. He says in his Preface:

I have not been induced to write this book by any desire to correct the commonly received teaching on the special virtues. This teaching I consider reasonable, as a rule. . . . The difficulty that I found in the treatise on Human Acts is entirely due, I imagine, to an incorrect, because incomplete, synthesis of these special conclusions; and my aim throughout has been to show how the principles as here set forth, and they alone, are true to nature, in the sense that it is only in this form they can be made to square with some important less general conclusions which all regard, or should regard, as reasonable.²

Thus the writer's method might be compared to that of the 'student of nature, who tests a law by seeing whether it harmonizes with observed facts or previously ascertained less general conclusions. He holds, indeed, that the treatises, which come first in the order of teaching, are really the last to take definite shape in the order of philosophical investigation. His message to the writers of *Compendia* and to such professors as may follow them amounts to this: Your teaching is reasonable; but I have my difficulties about the principles by which you try to justify it. These will have to be amended.

We are not disposed to deny that the traditional *methodus docendi* has its dangers, especially in the philosophical sciences. In these the higher abstractions, as intelligibly the more simple, have to be dealt with first. And as the terms in which their definitions are expressed are derived from the language of common life, unless very great care is taken to fix their exact meaning as applied to the abstractions in question, it may easily happen that the pupils go away with completely wrong notions of fundamental propositions, and fail, therefore, to see their bearing upon subsequent conclusions. But, in the particular case of an established science like Moral Philosophy, it is surprising, to say the least, that we should be calmly asked to revise our analysis on fundamental points like the *Actus*

¹ *The Principles of Moral Science.* By the Rev. Walter McDonald, D.D. Dublin: Browne and Nolan, Ltd., 1903. xi. 230 pp.

² Preface, p. iv.

Humanus, Law, and Conscience. And it is more surprising that we should be expected to make the analysis square, not with obvious, undeniable facts of human nature, but with "some general conclusions [of the moral science] which all regard, or should regard, as reasonable."

To tell the truth, we consider the Rev. W. McDonald's dissatisfaction with the received doctrines to be entirely of his own making. Take, for example, the paragraph on Moral Theology and Conscience.¹

What, then, is conscience? Is it also a habit? and how does it differ from the habit of ethics or of moral theology? There are two ways of looking at an ethical problem; or to put it more correctly, there are two ways in which an ethical question may arise and face one. Take, for instance, the question as to whether it is ever lawful to tell a lie. You may ask, in what is practically a speculative manner, whether it is ever lawful to tell a lie; or, what is the same thing, whether for another, or for yourself at another time, it would be lawful to tell a lie in such or such circumstances. This is a question in ethics, and the intellectual habit which enables you to perceive how it should be answered is simply an intellectual virtue. Let the question, however, arise in an immediately practical way: Is it lawful for me, here and now, to tell this lie or do this or that action? The answer to this is given by conscience. As I understand the matter, conscience is a modification of the intellectual virtue that enables one to answer the question in its first and more speculative form. Or rather it is not so much a modification of that particular habit as the habit itself as at work on a case which is not only definite and individual but concerns the thinker himself at that very moment.

We see nothing particularly new in this, except the failure to distinguish between the ethical habit and its act; or again between the science of ethics and the art of applying it, which we call casuistry. For the rest the author's endeavour seems to be to put before the English reader the substance of what is to be found in every text-book.

The author's conception of the Natural Law is as follows:

I am aware that the natural law is often represented by Catholic writers as some kind of participation of the eternal law, possessed by rational creatures; as some kind of impression on man of the divine light, whereby he may be able to discern good from evil; and as a natural innate conception, whereby a man may direct his acts in accordance with right reason. All this may be true if it is understood metaphorically or analogically. Strictly speaking, the natural law . . . is an order not merely between individual essences, but between all

¹ Pp. 50, 51.

essences of definite types or species,—an order, therefore, which may be expressed by a universal proposition, like those in which the relations of moving bodies are expressed, or like the rules and canons of art. These latter expressions also,—the laws of motion and the rules of art,—are laws of nature in the physical and æsthetic orders. What is called natural law in the moral order is to be understood in the same way, allowance being made for the difference of order to which it belongs.¹

We much fear that the allowance which would have to be made, from any point of view but that of the determinist, would go far to make a science of ethics impossible. And, further, the Catholic writers who are referred to, if we may judge by the single representative of them quoted in the note, are seriously misrepresented. *Naturaliter indita* ought not to be translated by *natural innate*. Nor does the technical term *participatio* mean a share or portion; it includes the idea of analogy which the author desiderates. Lastly, to speak of the natural law as “a kind of impression on man of the divine light,” is an obvious and legitimate metaphor, if the natural law be conceived as an object of human knowledge. But our author quarrels with such a conception. According to him, when the eternal law is said to be graven on man’s heart, the meaning is that he has the capacity to attain to the knowledge of it.²

One more short quotation and we have done. After summing up the question as to the possibility of morally indifferent acts, he rejects two positions laid down by Dr. Walsh, and ends thus:

Of course it is a question as to what one means by “a human act.” As I use the term, it means exactly the same as “an act in the moral order” performed by man. And surely material sins are in the moral order, and may sometimes be committed by one who not only does not propose to attain some end, but has no act of will whatsoever while his organs are in action.³

Most propositions depend upon “what one means” by the subject. And “what one means” is not always what one ought to mean. One who enters upon a scientific discussion should hold himself bound to the real *præsupposita* of his subject. It is intolerable that he should bring with him a “mental framework” of his own contriving, and pick and choose his definitions to suit a new theory or to disturb an old one. This is what the Rev. W. McDonald seems to us to have done *passim*.

¹ P. 93.

² P. 96.

³ P. 68.

His conception of the "moral order," referred to above, and his apparent identification of "material sin" with disorder in external action apart from all dependence on disorder in the will, are but two instances out of many. The Essay, in our judgment, does not contribute to the advancement of Moral Theology. The author sees and judges everything in the light of his own peculiar *præsupposita*; and these are not only confusing, but, however reluctant we may be to say it, confused.

6.—THE GOSPELS AS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.¹

Professor Stanton, of Cambridge, has undertaken an important work to which he gives the general title of *The Gospels as Historical Documents*. It is to consist of four parts, and of these the first, which forms a single volume, has just appeared. It is on the *Early use of the Gospels*, in other words, on the external evidence for their dates of composition and for their authenticity. Of the volumes to follow, as we learn from the Preface of the present volume, Part II. is to discuss the history and composition of the Synoptic Gospels; whilst Part III. is to discuss the internal character of St. John's Gospel and compare it under this aspect with the Synoptics; and Part IV. is to test the narrative derived from these four sources by estimating first the degree of accuracy with which they represent the Jewish life and thought of the time of our Lord, and secondly the degree of harmony between the history of the rise of Christianity as conceived by them, and as derived from other early Christian writings, chief among which are the other books of the New Testament. In examining this wide field of external evidence, the author states his intention to go much more deeply into his points than has been possible in the summaries prefixed to Lives of Christ, or even, as we may suppose, in such a work as Bishop Westcott's Introduction to the New Testament. The subject is large and important enough to require a work of full and minute inquiry all to itself, although indeed such is its magnitude that even in a monograph like this it is necessary to make a distinction, and allot a more summary treatment to questions which have practically

¹ *The Gospels as Historical Documents*. Part I. *Early use of the Gospels*. By Professor Stanton.

ceased to be in dispute, so that a sufficient space may be reserved for a satisfactory discussion of those which are still burning.

Of the need of such a work in our own language no one will doubt, and Professor Stanton is just the kind of writer whom we can rejoice to find undertaking it. A pupil of the late Bishop Lightfoot's, and trained in his sound methods, he has for many years past been a student of Christian origins, and has evidenced in previous works the grasp and delicacy of judgment with which he can detect and estimate the details of a complicated historical problem. He is too a critic of independent judgment who does not hesitate to differ from venerated predecessors on his own side, or to yield to the conclusions of the adverse side, when the facts seem to him to require it; and these are the characteristics discernible in the masterly analysis of the external evidence for the Gospels what is contained in the present volume.

Dissenting from Zahn and others who have preferred to start from the time of St. Irenæus, when all allow that the Fourfold Gospel was universally accepted as authentic and canonical, and from this sure basis to trace backwards the evidence for their having been known or recognized by previous writers, Dr. Stanton follows the chronological order, reserving a retrospective survey of the whole evidence for the final chapter. The difficulty which faces the investigator in this stage is not from the want of passages in the ecclesiastical writers, which may be citing or alluding to our canonical Gospels, but to the imperfect verbal correspondence between the two texts, and the occasional fusion into one statement of what in the New Testament are found, apart and distinctive, in two or more Gospels. May not this indicate that the source of such patristic quotations is to be sought not in any one or other of our present Gospels, but in some other text or texts which perhaps were also in some genetic relation to our present Gospels? This is an argument which has been diligently worked and greatly relied on by the destructive critics, but it is becoming recognized that defective memory may account in great part for the discrepancies. Here Dr. Stanton—who, however, does not on that account dispense himself from also discussing each case separately—points out that the character of ancient MSS., which were cumbrous to unroll, would create a habit of trusting to memory beyond what is usual with modern writers. May it not be added that even in these days

a preacher is apt to mix up, transpose, and paraphrase in just the same way as a second century writer. This at least illustrates how minute textual differences are almost inevitably confused in the minds of persons having a general familiarity with the New Testament, and if in written compositions we, should now-a-days take the pains to verify before publishing, that may be set down to the growth of habits of accuracy. A kindred difficulty to the above arises from the fact that some of these early Fathers relate circumstances about our Lord's words or deeds such as are not found, or are differently found, in the Gospels we now have. The writings of Justin Martyr are the most ancient instance of this, and Dr. Stanton discusses them in a very searching manner. A table he gives on p. 134 of twenty-four such variations from the Scripture narrative will enable a reader to see at once what is their precise nature. As in one place, St. Justin refers for his authority to "St. Peter's Memoirs," it has been conjectured that these are to be identified with the apocryphal Gospel of St. Peter, which Serapion¹ a writer of the third century first mentions, condemning it as unorthodox and foreign to the list of sacred writings handed down by the Church. Dr. Stanton contends that the text of this spurious Gospel represents a later stage of textual evolution than Justin Martyr, but thinks the resemblances between the two striking enough to postulate a common parentage, and this he suggests is to be found in a lost (not the extant and spurious) *Acta Pilati*; and he notes that it is precisely to "the acts that took place under Pontius Pilate" that Justin refers as his authority. Dr. Stanton does not suppose that even these putative *Acta Pilati* were genuine, only that Justin may have credited their testimony as supplementary to what he found in the Gospels themselves, and he expresses some confidence that this view, though hitherto strangely neglected, will sooner or later be generally accepted. A few other statements of Justin—which not being warranted by our canonical Gospels have been ascribed to the influence of the apocryphal *Protevangelium Jacobi*, are similarly referred by Dr. Stanton to a common origin, which may possibly be the *Gospel according to the Hebrews*. Are the resemblances, however, in either of these two groups of non-canonical matter other than what may be explained by an oral tradition or obvious or possible inference from what is in the canonical Gospels?

¹ Apud Eusebius, *Hist. Eccl.* vi. 12.

Dr. Stanton's fifth chapter is on the authorship of the Fourth Gospel. The Johannine authorship is, as we know, still resolutely denied, but on grounds the very reverse of those which were relied on by the Tübingen school. The latter argued that the Gospel could not have been by St. John, as the latter was known to have lived in Asia, whereas the Gospel, being incompatible with the Asian adherence to Quatuordecimanism, could not have originated in that neighbourhood. Now it is objected that the Gospel, in view both of the complexion of its own style and of the testimony of Irenæus, must certainly have originated in Asia Minor, but that the silence of writers like St. Paul, the author of Acts, St. Clement of Rome, St. Ignatius, St. Polycarp, &c., prove decisively that St. John was never resident in those parts; and that accordingly St. Irenæus must have confounded the Apostle St. John with the Presbyter John of Papias. Dr. Stanton's discussion of the problem thus stated is extremely minute and valuable. He sets forth the full strength of the direct testimony of Irenæus which he suggests that the other side never seems to appreciate, the confirmation it receives from the independent testimony of Polycrates, and from the equally independent allusions of Clement of Alexandria; he shows more clearly than we have seen them shown elsewhere, the grotesque improbabilities involved in the theory that "John the Presbyter" was the Evangelist; and considerably lessens, whilst acknowledging that he cannot completely remove, the objections from the silence of the earlier writers. The existence of Presbyter John as a distinct person from the Apostle he seems to concede, though perhaps that is not a really necessary inference from the obscurely constructed sentence of Papias, which is the only place where the name occurs. He concedes also, just as a possibility, that the Gospel may not have been St. John's own handiwork, but a book written indeed by his disciples, embodying his witness and teaching, and inspired by them. This at all events, he says in his concluding sentence, is all that we can gather from purely external evidence. We shall look, therefore, with interest to the future volumes, in the next but one of which this discussion of Johannine authorship will be completed.

7.—THE HISTORY OF CLASSICAL SCHOLARSHIP.¹

Dr. Sandys in bringing out this book has laid all true lovers of classical literature under a lasting debt of gratitude. The title, as it meets the eye for the first time, is apt to evoke memories of dull and uninteresting commentators and dry-as-dust grammarians; but the surprise is all the more agreeable when it is found that we have within the pages of this handsome volume nothing short of a history of the world's thought from Homer to Roger Bacon. The labour involved must have been gigantic and such as most men would shrink from single-handed. The author, in his opening chapter, expounds the various kinds of lore that fall within the scope of Classical Scholarship. In his view it embraces all the subjects dealt with in the schools in great centres of culture throughout the period covered. Hence amid a variety of most interesting topics we have what practically amounts to a continuous history of all the great schools of antiquity. There is a very full and entertaining sketch of the schools of Athens, the earliest home of classical learning. The reader's attention will be riveted by the able and absorbing account of the famous school of Alexandria, with its magnificent libraries, under the patronage of the Ptolemies. One follows with intense interest the careers of those great men, poets, critics, historians, to whom the Augustan age owed its literature. Names familiar to us in the writings of Horace, Ovid, and Propertius, live again in the pages of Dr. Sandys. We can gain an intimate acquaintance with such men as Aristarchus, Eratosthenes, Callimachus, Theocritus, and the renowned scholar, Aristophanes of Byzantium.

No less interesting is the story of the great school of Pergamon fostered by the Attalid Dynasty. The valuable work of the latter school is not so much known as that of its rival, but under the guidance of Dr. Sandys we are enabled to form a fair estimate of master-minds of the type of the Stoic Crates and his disciple Panaetius, also of Apollodorus, Athenodorus, and Alexander Polyhistor.

The reader is next led on, in pages of unflagging interest, through the literary and critical labours of the first great Roman scholars, Stilo, Varro, and Cicero, to the schools that flourished under the Roman Empire. Two chapters are devoted to this

¹ *A History of Classical Scholarship from the Sixth Century B.C. to the end of the Middle Ages.* By J. E. Sandys, Litt.D. Cambridge University Press.

period. The first opens with the establishment of the library of the Palatine Apollo under Augustus, and carries us on to 300 A.D., passing in review, among others, such eminent names as Hyginus, Palaemon, the Senecas, the Plinies, Quintilian, Tacitus, Suetonius, Juvenal, Aulus Gellius, and Censorinus. The second chapter, where we find ourselves already well on in the age of decadence, supplies valuable information about Nonius, Ausonius, Paulinus, Symmachus, Donatus, the rhetorician and grammarian, Servius, the famous Virgilian commentator, and the earliest luminaries of the Latin Church, St. Jerome and St. Augustine. Macrobius is also exhaustively discussed, as well as Martianus Capella and the philosopher Boëthius, until we reach the rise of the schools of learning that flourished in Gaul, through which the lamp of classical learning was handed on to the Middle Ages.

It would be impossible, in the brief space at our disposal, to follow the author through those chapters, replete with interest, in which he traces the history of the Byzantine schools, and of the various centres of learning that flourished in the West throughout the period vaguely known as the "Dark Ages." Suffice it to say that no name of note is omitted, and thus we obtain a complete and unbroken narrative of the great centres of thought from the sixth century B.C. to the dawn of the Renaissance.

But our account would be inadequate if it conveyed the impression that Dr. Sandys deals only with great teachers and men of learning. The authors read and the themes discussed in the various schools are likewise dealt with, so that the reader will find valuable criticism, from the scholar's point of view, of the great poets, dramatists, historians, philosophers, and orators of antiquity. The work is, in fact, an encyclopædia, and should find favour even as a book of reference. The student of palæography will find at the end of the different chapters valuable specimens of writing, illustrative of the style of caligraphy in use at the various periods dealt with; the historical student will also find his studies much facilitated by the historical tables at the opening of each chapter. The narrative abounds in anecdotes that will attract even the general reader.

One interesting fact that appears from Dr. Sandys' history ought not to be passed over in silence. A strange fate seems to hang over the labours of the greatest intellects. Their gigantic works are too voluminous and intricate for the ordinary reader.

Hence digests are drawn up to meet the wants of the young and the indolent. While the larger works perish the summaries remain. The result is that now we possess only at fourth, and even at fifth, hand, very often only in the pages of obscure scholiasts, a remnant of the researches of such giant minds as Aristarchus and Aristophanes of Byzantium, and many other eminent literary critics. History repeats itself and, at the present day, it is not the scholar but the compiler and the gleaner who profit pecuniarily by the thought, research, and discoveries that have only too often brought no gain to their author. As in the days of old, so now, the man who caters for the school-market and for the general reader, utilizing the laborious researches of others, finds his employment most lucrative. At any rate, it may be hoped that this fate cannot befall Dr. Sandys' volume, and we cannot too strongly recommend all who are interested in classical lore to possess themselves of this almost indispensable companion to the Classics.

8.—THE SEDE VACANTE.¹

Mr. Hartwell de la Garde Grissell has rendered a notable service both to the public at large and more particularly to future historians by this timely publication. In the unpretentious form of a diary written during the late Conclave, he supplies accurate information upon a number of points of Papal ceremonial, matters in which the world will always be to some extent interested, but concerning which the most extraordinary looseness of statement prevails on every side. One could not ask for a better example of the shortcomings of the authorities generally appealed to, than a detail to which Mr. Grissell gives some little prominence—the official *ricognizione del cadavere* which takes place after the decease of each reigning Pontiff. When the Church in last July was bereaved of her supreme pastor, almost every newspaper in this country a day or two afterwards described to its readers how the Cardinal Camerlengo had visited the remains, had struck the deceased Pope upon the forehead with a silver hammer, had

¹ *The Sede Vacante*, being a diary written during the Conclave of 1903, with additional notes on the Accession and Coronation of Pius X. By Hartwell de la Garde Grissell, M.A., F.S.A., Chamberlain of Honour *di numero* to His Holiness. Oxford: James Parker, 1903.

called him three times by his baptismal name, and on receiving no reply, had then drawn up the formal instrument attesting the Pontiff's demise. The circulation of this story was in no way due to unfriendly Protestant prejudice, and considering the evidence available, may be said to have been most excusable. In one Catholic authority after another the curious reader may find all this described as the normal course of events. The books to which we refer are not those written by anonymous compilers, but by Roman officials recognized as high authorities upon questions of ceremonial. We quote for illustration's sake the names of Mgr. Barbier de Montault, M. Georges Goyau in that sumptuous work *Le Vatican*, Gaetano Moroni in his *Dizionario*, and, most remarkable of all, the Belgian Monsignore who writes under the pseudonym of "Lucius Lector," and whose larger work was actually written to serve as a manual for the Cardinal electors themselves.

The account of the ceremony with the silver hammer may be found given in detail by all these writers, but in the book before us Mr. Grissell declares, as the result of much research, that the ceremony in question did not take place this time, and probably has never taken place. The silver hammer part of it, in any case, seems to be pure invention, although it is true that the Cardinal Camerlengo has always visited the remains and drawn up an official attestation of the death. In future the story may take its place among the other baseless fables in which the history of the Popes has been so prolific.

It is Mr. Grissell's recognition of the need of punctilious accuracy in questions of ceremonial detail which will give to this work its chief value in the eyes of scientific students, but to the general reader, who probably knows nothing of the pains taken in its composition, it will recommend itself as an extremely pleasant and readable account of the quaint proceedings of the *Sede Vacante*, embellished by some excellent illustrations made from authentic photographs of scenes and objects to which allusion is made. We speak from actual experience, when we say that great libraries might be ransacked fruitlessly in the search for such scraps of out-of-the-way information as Mr. Grissell has gathered together in this volume. We have noticed very few slips. A mistake, we think, has been made by the engravers in printing the music of the *Laudes*, on p. 65. The response to the invocation *Sancte Dominice* can hardly differ from all the other responses. Also

we should be sorry to commit ourselves to the historical truth of the assertion on p. 61, that Pope St. Mark in 337 granted the Pallium to the Bishop of Ostia. But such minor points excepted, we may commend the book without reserve to the favourable judgment of our readers.

9.—JESUIT EDUCATION.¹

It may safely be asserted that while many speak confidently concerning Jesuit Education, its methods and its results, comparatively few have any definite ideas concerning it, or know in what respects this system differs from any other, or how far the Jesuit practice of to-day is to be identified with that of three centuries ago. To those who desire sound and trustworthy information upon this subject, which can never lose its interest for students of educational history, we may commend Father Schwickerath's book, the title of which well describes its character. In it will be found a very full and clear account of the *Ratio Studiorum*, the scheme upon which Jesuit Education is based, and of the mode in which this was practically applied, while educators were at liberty to pursue their own ideals untrammelled by the thought of competitive examinations and Government requirements.

In regard of this, the historical portion of his task, Father Schwickerath has evidently spared no pains to do his work thoroughly; he has ransacked all sources of information supplied from any quarter, and has not confined himself to the testimonies of friends and admirers, but has made a diligent study of what hostile writers have advanced. When he comes to modern times, he shows himself less critical than we could desire, and cites amongst his authorities various journalistic utterances to which we cannot attach any serious weight. His own views, however, are thoroughly sound and sensible, for instance, on the true object of Education,—and the difference between developing or "drawing out" a pupil's mental powers, and merely putting knowledge into his unformed mind,—and on the futility of the "elective" system, according to which he

¹ *Jesuit Education, its History and Principles viewed in the light of modern Educational Problems.* By Robert Schwickerath, S.J., Woodstock College, Md. Herder, Freiburg im Breisgau, St. Louis, &c. xv. 687 pp.

must be made to learn nothing but what he finds agreeable. Fundamental points such as these many who affect the objectionable title "Educationists" seem in much danger of ignoring or forgetting altogether, to say nothing of the yet more vital question concerning the part to be assigned to Religion—which topic, as might be expected, Father Schwickerath treats with special care. Altogether his book is undoubtedly the best popular exposition of its subject which we have in English.

10.—SERMON PLANS.¹

A goodly volume of 508 pages. Each plan occupies two pages facing each other, so that it may be seen entire at a glance, the headings with their divisions and subdivisions being clearly marked by different types. The matter given is even too abundant, and leaves room for choice. The principle adopted is, "first of all, to give a brief introduction, and then to present two or three leading thoughts on the subject chosen; under each of these main points, subdivisions are given so as to present to the mind an orderly scheme of development on the Virtue, the Vice, or the Truth in question, containing references to Holy Scripture, along with examples therefrom as well as from the lives of the Saints." At the end of each plan two or three practical lessons are suggested, of which one or more may be given by way of conclusion to the sermon.

The value of the volume to a preacher is much increased by a copious *Index Rerum*, making it a handy book of reference for such as do not wish to avail themselves of the Plans, but only to seek suggestions on particular points.

¹ *Sermon Plans.* By the Rev. Geo. Edw. Howe, Author of *The Catechist*. London: St. Anselm's Society.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

WE have a lurking suspicion that the author of *The Conqueror* (is not the proper word *Victor*?) of *Culloden* (Washbourne, 3s. 6d.), is a Jacobite at heart. The ostensible hero of the book is William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, "of whom" (so says the author in his Preface) "posterity has, strangely enough, been content to know but little." We have no hesitation in casting our vote with "posterity." Even allowing for a certain amount of natural virtue (*v.g.*, great physical courage and a kindly feeling towards the down-trodden Catholics), the "Butcher of Culloden" appears to us little else than a modern replica of one of the decadent Cæsars.

The Collection (*Science et Religion. Études pour le temps présent.* 294 vols. 12mo. 64 pp. 0'60 fr. Paris: Bloud et Cie.), of which many volumes have reached a fifth edition, speaks well for the enterprise of the publishers. It supplies for the French-reading Catholic public just that kind of reliable and up-to-date information on current questions of the gravest interest which is so lacking in our own land. Some of the writers are of the very first rank, and handle their subjects as only educated Frenchmen seem to be able to do. Such names—to mention only a few—as A. de la Barre, F. Brunetière, Abbé de Broglie, G. Fonsegrive, Franz Funck-Brentano, Le Bachelet, Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, R. P. Matignon, Marius Sepet, and Mgr. Spalding, are an advertisement in themselves, and a guarantee that the series to which they have been asked to contribute will maintain a high level of excellence.

The volume of Instructions (*Divine Grace.* Edited by Rev. Edmund J. Wirth, Ph. D., D.D. 6s. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1903) can be strongly recommended. It is based on a small German treatise by Nepefny. Teachers and catechists, for whose aid it was professedly compiled, will not

be alone in their appreciation of the simplicity of its style, as well as of the lucidity and comparative fulness of its teaching on a difficult, though indispensable point of Christian doctrine. There is matter in the book for a very useful course of Sunday evening instructions.

There is no need for us to say more about *A Simple Cyclopædia for Catholics* (C.T.S., 1903), than that it is an "Enlarged Edition" of Father Charles Henry Bowden's "Simple Dictionary." This has reached, so we have learnt, its fortieth thousand, and must therefore, we should fancy, claim acquaintance at first hand with all our readers. The Prefatory Note to the new issue announces additional items to the number of more than five hundred; and at the end, useful for reference, is a "Table of One Hundred and Fifty Notable Events in Church History," with their dates.

Virgin Saints of the Benedictine Order. By O.S.B. (London: C.T.S., 1903). The volume contains eight Lives. 200 pp., price 1s. *St. Mildred and Her Kinsfolk* is also issued separately (1d.).

Settlement Work. By Lady Edmund Talbot (C.T.S., 1903). This is a penny reprint of the paper read by Lady Talbot at the Catholic Conference, 1903. It gives an account of the work under three heads: viz., (1) District visiting and relieving; (2) Clubs and instructive classes, secular and religious; and (3) The care and instruction of children.

Our Lady's Psalter (C.T.S., 1d.) is a new translation from the Vulgate of fifteen Psalms taken from the Office of our Lady; one for each mystery of the Rosary. Another penny booklet from the Society is *Good and Bad Confessions*, by Father Pius Cavanagh, O.P.

Chronicles of Semperton. By Joseph Carmichael (C.T.S.). A quiet, simple tale of the spread of Catholicism in a country village. Conversions, surprising and otherwise, are the order of the day. But the characters are true to nature and consistent. The chronicler, one Jasper Ringwould, of Semperton Hall, Esquire, Justice of the Peace, is one of Father Wingate's earliest conquests, and proves himself worthy of his master. The story culminates in a conversion that only the very knowing ones could have foreseen.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (1904. I.)

The later German Confession-Books and the question of Contrition. *N. Paulus*. The scheme and arrangement of the Epistle of St. James. *H. J. Cladder*. Pope and Council in the first Ten Centuries. *C. A. Kneller*. The Heptateuch Poet. Cyprian and the *Cæna Cypriani*. *H. Brewer*. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA-LAACH. (January, 1904.)

The Third Centenary of James Balde. *G. Gietmann*. The Revision of the Penal Code and Reformatory Schools. *V. Cathrein*. F. C. von Savigny as a Peace-Maker. *O. Pfülf*. New Lights on Fra Angelico. *S. Beissel*. New Phases of the Labour Question. *H. Pesch*. The Roman Choral Reform of 1614-15. *Th. Schmid*. The New Gospel of the Abbé Loisy. Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES. (January 5.)

Denominational Schools. *W. Tampé*. The Criterion of inspiration for the New Testament. *P. Joüon*. The "Motu Proprio."

(January 20.)

Jeanne d'Arc. Denominational Schools. II.

CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (January 2.)

Catholics and Rationalists on the Origin of the New Testament.

(January 16.)

The "Motu Proprio." Herbert Spencer. Russia and England in Tibet.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE.

An unpublished Creed attributed to St. Jerome. *D. Germain Morin*. Philosophy and Nature. *D. Maurice Festugière*.

RAZÓN Y FE.

The German Centre Party. *J. Mundó*. The Pentateuch and the Neo-critical School. *L. Murillo*.

